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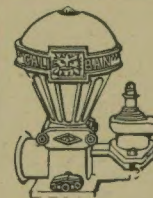
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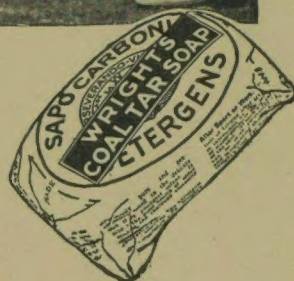
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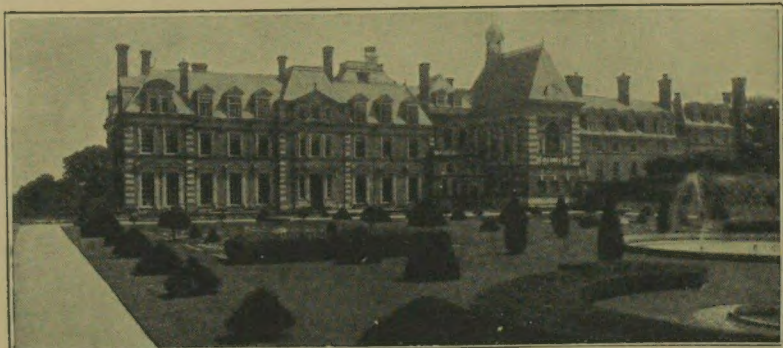
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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1931.



## FIRST-FLIGHT SENSATIONS OF AN AEROPLANE PASSENGER: LOOPING THE LOOP—"UPSIDE DOWN BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH!"

The sensations of an aeroplane passenger during his first flight are vividly described in an article by a German artist, Herr H. J. Moser, given in translation on pages 4 and 5 of this number, along with his own drawings that illustrate his experiences. The above drawing also belongs to the same series. It shows the machine upside down in the air while "looping the loop." The artist's note on

this phase of the flight reads as follows: "Upside down between heaven and earth! The howling, rumbling, and hissing surpasses anything imaginable. 'Well, my dear fellow,' Herr von Engel [the pilot] had said to me, 'if anything goes wrong, pull this ring. It will release your parachute.' A devilish feeling!" The R.A.F. display (illustrated on page 27) lends great interest to the subject.

FROM THE DRAWING BY H. J. MOSER. (COPYRIGHT.) (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 4 AND 5.)

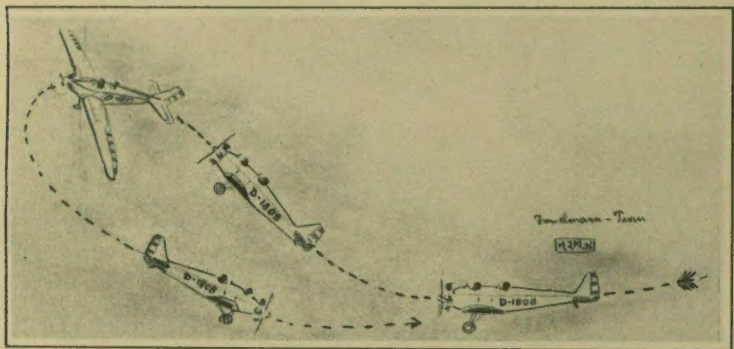


# AN AEROPLANE PASSENGER'S FIRST FLIGHT: "THE WORLD Topsy-TURVY."

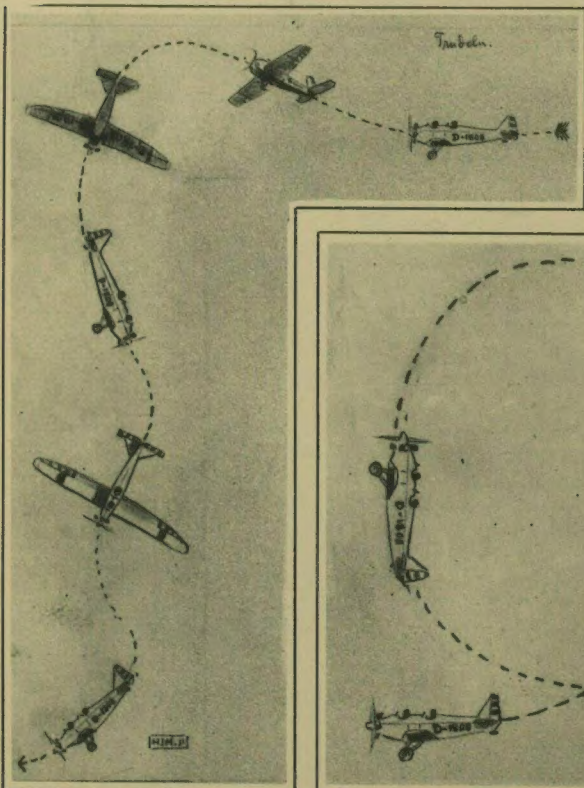
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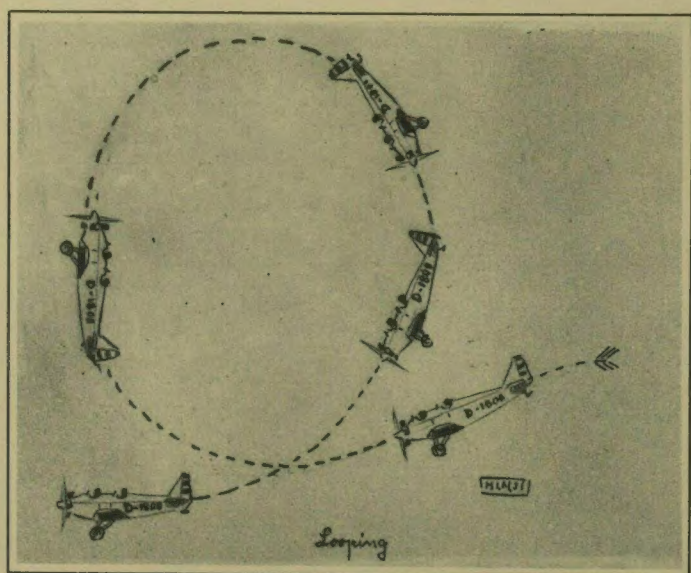
"A FISH GONE MAD—SOMETHING MEANINGLESS: THAT IS WHAT THE MACHINE APPEARED TO BE LIKE TO ME WHEN WE FIRST 'LOOPED THE LOOP.'"



AN IMMELMANN TURN.

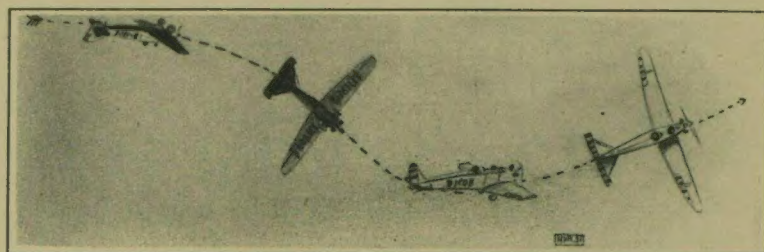


SPINNING.



LOOPING THE LOOP.

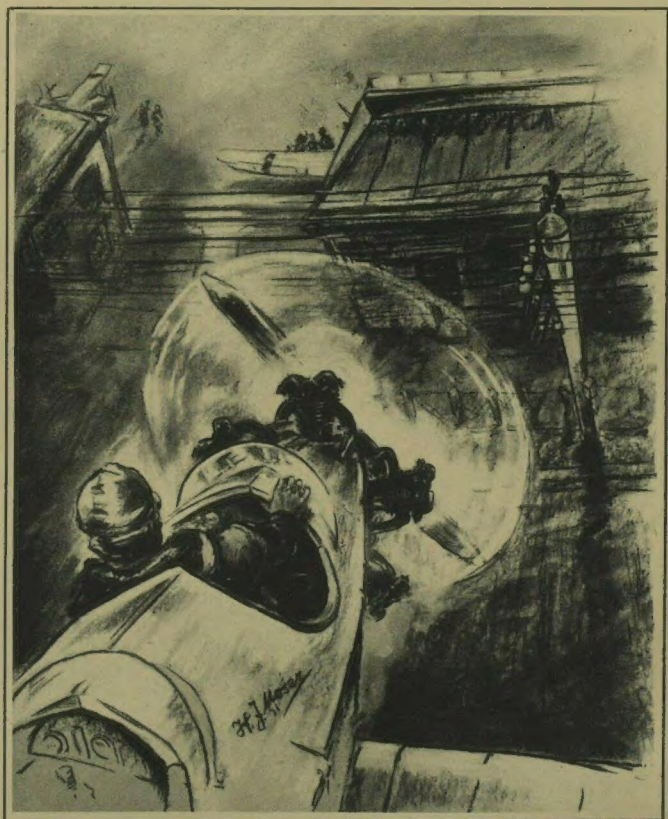
"In the Deutschen Luftfahrt office Gmb H," writes Herr H. J. Moser, "I am shown a small aeroplane, 'Klemm L26.' I am given a form to sign... 'no responsibility regarding death or a fall...' That is, doubtless, why one gets a parachute. Meantime the young pilot presented himself—von Engel—'stunt' air-instructor and a well-known flier. I mention that it is my first flight. 'It is not very dangerous,' he says, and offers me a cigarette, overalls, and parachute. Around, the pupils stand and grin. I look sceptically at the ominous bundle on which my life may ultimately depend. I am thrust into the parachute-belt and its tight harness. A short explanation: 'In case of accident, and should you be obliged to get out up there—here is the ring on the release line. When you pull



ROLLING.



"I TURNED ROUND AND SHRIEKED, ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE MOTOR: 'COULD YOU NOT STOP FOR A MOMENT?' THE PILOT GRINNED: 'NO! WE ARE GOING TO LOOP AGAIN—A WONDERFUL SENSATION.'"



"I THOUGHT WE SHOULD CRASH AGAINST THE TELEGRAPH WIRES": THE DESCENT (SHOWING THE PASSENGER).

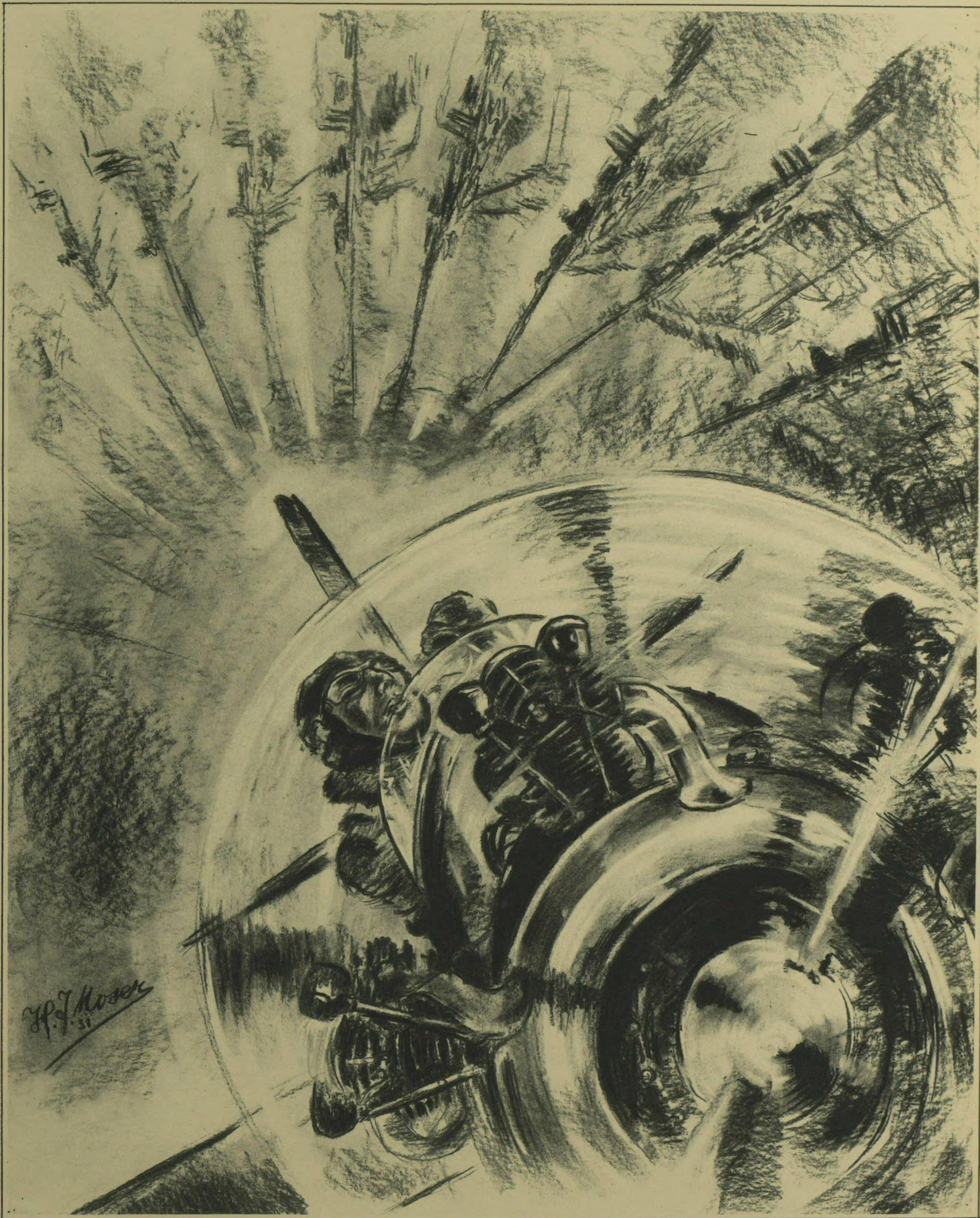
it, the thing opens.' Very well. I climb into the front seat, secure myself with the three safety belts; the pilot behind me again tests the controls. 'Ready?—let go.' The air-police official lowers the flag, and with engine droning we float over the field. I already feel quite helpless. I am not afraid of falling, but doubtful how my stomach may behave up aloft. The tail now lifts, the jolting stops, and we soar upward in the clear sky. Our programme starts with steep banks. The machine lies on its side and turns, in slow rotation, one end of the wing dipped sharply towards the earth. We are 2500 feet up. We spin downwards, anyhow, in an indescribable whirl; the upper wing meantime twisting round in the blue. I am almost giddy. Suddenly, an unpleasant sensation in my

(Continued opposite.)



# FIRST-FLIGHT SENSATIONS: "THE HORIZON WAS WHIRLING IN DISORDER."

FROM THE DRAWING BY H. J. MOSER. (COPYRIGHT.)



"THE HORIZON? THAT WAS NOT TO BE SEEN ANYWHERE, OR, RATHER, IT WAS EVERYWHERE; AND THIS WAS CALLED 'ROLLING'": THE PASSENGER'S IMPRESSION IN RESTROSPECT.

*Continued.*

stomach; the machine has started to ascend; it is again on its side. Everything goes round. Below, the earth swings about absurdly; we climb at great speed, so how can one describe things? I raise my hand imploringly. It is useless. The pilot starts the next turn. At last there is a lull. I turn round and shriek; 'Could we not stop just for a moment?' Quite unmoved, he replies, humorously I think: 'Let us start looping—no doubt that will amuse you.' It recalls the consolations of my dentist. Looping was not so amusing as all that. We rushed about like a fish gone mad. Under me the earth was torn away like a carpet;

then a downward flight, steeply at first, but I gradually began to realise the charm of this swinging stunt. But what followed would have reduced my grandmother to tears. Rolling, swaying, we rushed through the air. The earth was there, so were the sun, the moon, the planets all mixed up together. The horizon was whirling in wild disorder. And yet everything was according to programme. In landing we made a few more stunts. First we rushed down sideways, then towards the telegraph wires. I thought we were destined for an untimely death, but the machine soared gaily upwards, and then came down again to earth."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE been looking at the bound volume of "Beachcomber's" daily ramblings, which everybody has enjoyed in the *Daily Express* (now republished by Sheed and Ward), and I feel it is no small matter to note how successfully they pass from journalism into literature. Indeed, they do something rather remarkable in doing two opposite things at once. No work could be more completely penetrated by one personality; and yet most anthologies and many miscellaneous scrap-books have less variety and give a greater impression of monotony. A great deal is said, without much evidence of thought, about the two elements of wit and humour. In this book there are both wit and humour, distinguishable and almost definable. But it is more to the point to say that the style ranges from the most polished and even restrained irony to sheer howling high spirits. An example of the former may be found in the exact and barely exaggerated parody of that casual pomposity, used in certain literary *causeries*, which distinguished men like George Moore and Arnold Bennett were not altogether guiltless of encouraging in the world: the style of moody fastidiousness, which says, "Dante? Hmm," or "Shakespeare? Perhaps." An example of the latter may be found in the remarkable song about Mr. William Wordsworth, which treats that eminent man hardly more respectfully than the last-mentioned eminent men; but does it, not with supercilious hesitation, but with uproarious derision, in the sort of song that is meant to be shouted in a deafening chorus—

"I've been looking for daisies;  
A daisy drives me wild,  
An' whenever I see a primrose  
I giggle just like a child."  
Then 'is wife says, "Chuck yer  
kiddin',  
I can't swaller that stuff—  
The only daisy that tickles you  
Is a bit o' mountain fluff."

An example of the emergence of the latter out of the former may be found in the admirable skit on the people who write their reminiscences of Bohemian life in Paris; which begins modestly with a description of how the author shared "an attic" with about half a hundred of the most famous French painters, poets, and critics of about three generations, and finally rounds off the list of names with a rising and rousing rhythm of "Monet, Manet, Munet, Minet, Menet, etc., etc."; the pure spirit of tomfoolery breaking loose from the pure spirit of parody.

This particular point about this particular collection also interests me in a more general way. What strikes me about "Beachcomber," as compared with many modern satirists, is not that he is witty all the time—for nobody can be witty all the time—but that in him the intervals between point and point are filled with fun, even if it is pointless fun, or fun of which the whole point is to be pointless. Whereas in the others the interval between point and point is filled with depression, and a sort of dull resentment because life is so pointless. In the one case, the points of wit are like seeds blown abroad upon a huge thunderous wind of elemental and essential laughter; in the other case they are like brilliant and starry fireworks fading slowly against the dark and hollow background of the night. But, even when we have realised this distinction, there

is a further distinction, very valid in the discussions about literature to-day.

We have all heard much in England of the charm of fun that is good-humoured, or of humour that is not ill-natured. And, as with most things native to the national tradition, there is a great deal in it. There is a sort of abstract beauty in the irresponsible inverted wit which we call Nonsense, which has no moral to preach and no abuse to scourge. Nobody has appreciated this English tradition more brilliantly than a foreigner, who saw it first from the outside: M. Cammaerts, who, by sheer imagination, has come to understand the point of the pointlessness. It is quite true that a certain airy amiability, and the absence of hatred or hard-hitting, is essential to that

from the discontented satirist, there is still a further distinction or a second sub-division. There is still all the difference between the curser who at least enjoys cursing, and the other curser who seems to think that even cursing is a cursed nuisance. The curses of "Beachcomber" are more cheering than the blessings of the official optimists. In this quality he doubtless owes something to the influence of Mr. Belloc; but "Beachcomber" is more exclusively English than Belloc. It is difficult to define what being English means in this matter, or, indeed, in any matter. It is not exactly that his bark is worse than his bite, for his bite is sometimes very formidable. But it is that he actually enjoys barking more than he enjoys biting; and the mere noise he makes, in this book, might come out of the three throats of the dog of hell.

Now, what I miss in a number of the new discontented and satirical writers is this quality, which is a queer mixture of gusto and authority. We feel it in Dr. Johnson; we feel it in Aristophanes or in Rabelais. The voice of the normal man seems like the voice of all nature, declaring war on all fools in thunder and earthquake. We do not feel it in the cleverest of the more recent skits, written by individuals on individuals in literary society. They do not bark with authority, like the watch-dog of hell. They do not really claim to be speaking in the name of nature or the ancient mob of mankind. They are quite right to maintain that their test is better than the other tests, or even that their clique is better than the other cliques. But such a test is always a taste; and such a clique is always as co-optive as a club. There are many of these writers whose work I myself admire, and with whom "Beachcomber" would probably be rather impatient. What I am talking about is the quality of the impatience, which is not a purely individual irritation, but a result of certain convictions, of a belief in certain traditions and popular ideas. It is a classic impatience; a monumental and marmoreal impatience.

I could guess what his taste would be about most authors, though I should not always agree with him about some of the new authors. But I could never guess anything about the tastes of the new authors. If Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell suddenly said that the dream of his life would be to murder Whistler or Rossetti, if Mr. Aldous Huxley happened to declare that Chopin is a torture to him, I should have an indescribable feeling that they only spoke for themselves. It would not make any difference to my

regard for Mr. Huxley; but it also would not make any difference to my regard for Chopin. It is typical of the situation that I have no notion whether the cat of caprice, in either of these cases, would, in fact, jump towards Chopin or Whistler or away from them. I will not call the new wits shallow, for they can be penetrating; but I will call them narrow; as narrow as needles; as narrow as themselves. But when Dr. Johnson roared something down, we feel somehow that even when he was wrong he was representative. That power has been dying in our literature, and its later are its lesser manifestations; but wherever there is touch of it there is something, for which I know no name except The Great Gusto.



THE EIGHTEENTH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": A LATE-ELIZABETHAN BUFFET OF CARVED AND INLAID WALNUT; AN IMPORTANT EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH CRAFTSMANSHIP.

Buffets, or sideboards, for the display of plate, were freely employed in the Middle Ages, and in the sixteenth-century were among the usual contents of halls and dining parlours. This buffet of carved and inlaid walnut dates from the end of Elizabeth's reign, and is an important example of English craftsmanship in the later Renaissance style. The frieze is inlaid with a chequer pattern in holly and bog oak, and opens as a drawer, like the shelf below, which has the convex front and sides richly decorated with strapwork. The four vase-shaped supports, highly characteristic features in Elizabethan design, are of fine proportions and vigorously carved with gadrooning and acanthus foliage. At this period oak was the usual material, walnut being reserved for costly and exceptional pieces made for palaces or great houses. Furniture of "walnutree and markatree" (i.e., marquetry) is described in the contemporary inventories of Lumley and Arundel Castles.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

sort of cosy topsy-turvydom. But there are other good things in the world also, and "Beachcomber," for a variety of reasons, happens to stand for some of them. He is a good hater, but what interests me at this moment is that he is a hearty hater. There is something positively hilarious about his way of hating somebody or something; and that is where he differs from most of the new and bitter satirists, who are beginning to react and rebel against the tradition of kindly fancy and good-natured fun.

"Beachcomber" is not always in that sense inspired by good nature; but he is always inspired by good spirits. Even if we allow the blessings of the beaming optimist to be corrected by a few salutary curses



# THE PATHS OF "GLORY": AN AEROPLANE'S SHADOW IN A CLOUD-HALO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



THE SHADOW OF AN AEROPLANE ENCIRCLED BY A LUMINOUS CORONA, OR "GLORY," VISIBLE ON THE CLOUDS BELOW :  
A WONDERFUL AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE MACHINE WHILE FLYING OVER WELSH MOUNTAINS.

The progress of flight and aerial photography has opened to view new and wonderful aspects of earth and sky. This remarkable atmospheric phenomenon is described as "Fracto-stratus cloud with an aeroplane shadow surrounded by a 'Glory' or anthelion." The photograph was taken from the aeroplane itself while flying over the mountains of North Wales. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" defines "anthelion" as "the luminous ring or halo sometimes seen in Alpine or Polar regions surrounding the shadow of the head of an observer cast upon a bank of cloud or mist." Elsewhere the same authority states: "Halo in physical science (is) a luminous circle, with various auxiliary features, surrounding the Sun or Moon. . . . A halo is caused by the ice-crystals in the atmosphere

producing reflection and refraction of the light. . . . Halos and coronæ, or 'glories,' encircle the luminary; rainbows, fog-bows, mist-halos, anthelia, and mountain-spectres have their centres at the anti-solar point." The term "stratus," as applied to cloud, is defined as "a uniform layer of cloud, like fog, but not lying on the ground." The prefix "fracto" indicates that the layer is broken up into detached fragments. We may recall that a kindred phenomenon to that shown above was illustrated in colour in our issue of July 12, 1930, from a photograph taken by Miss Amelia Earhart from a seaplane flying the Atlantic. The shadow of the machine appeared in the centre of a rain-circle of luminous colours on a bank of fog.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN reading "The Memoirs of Marshal Foch" (reviewed here a few weeks ago) I was rather mystified by a letter from M. Clemenceau of Oct. 21, 1918, making a characteristically "tigerish" attack on General Pershing, the American Commander-in-Chief. The Premier complained of his "exactions" and "invincible obstinacy," and refusal to obey the Marshal's orders, and concluded by advising an appeal to President Wilson with a view to a change in the American command. The cause of offence was not precisely explained, but it was clear that Marshal Foch was favourably disposed to General Pershing. "Having a more comprehensive knowledge of the difficulties encountered by the American army," he writes, "I could not acquiesce in the radical solution contemplated by M. Clemenceau." Conceiving that a statistical answer might turn away wrath, he gave a table showing the distribution of the United States forces and added: "There is no denying the magnitude of the effort made by the American army." Explaining elsewhere his own dispositions, Foch says: "The American armies would be fighting with the Stars and Stripes floating over them, under a leadership which had always given evidence of magnificent authority"; and later he wrote: "The American offensive achieved brilliant success." Marshal Foch also says: "Thanks to the magnificent co-operation

It is very natural that, in a book intended for his fellow-countrymen, he should emphasise the successes of his own troops, whose splendid courage and achievements, indeed, have been universally acknowledged. "To my comrades of the Allied Armies," he writes, "I would say that I am not attempting to write a history of the World War, or of the epic part they took in it. I write of our own army and for our own people, without consciously magnifying or minimising the effort of any army or any people." As I progressed through the book, however, I felt that some of his remarks did amount to belittling the quality of the British troops, and I wondered what he would have to say about them when he came to the final stages of the war. After describing the Meuse-Argonne operations of October 1918, he writes: "The pressure of the American army in this great offensive profoundly impressed the enemy. On Oct. 3 Marshal von Hindenburg sent the following letter to the German Chancellor: 'The High Command insists on its demand . . . for the immediate forwarding of an offer of peace to our enemies . . . the situation grows more desperate every day.'" The fact that the enemy was also "impressed" by the French and British armies, however, is not overlooked, and further on we read: "Our own and Allied advances continued to produce favourable results." Still later, General Pershing quotes his own reply to Marshal Foch, who, at a conference

he wrote:

"Judging

by their excellent conduct during the past three months, the British, French, Belgian, and American armies appear capable of continuing the offensive indefinitely. Their morale is high, and the prospects of certain victory should keep it so."

It seems to me that these welcome tributes to our soldiers tend to nullify the author's previous strictures. That General Pershing is not in the least anti-British in his sentiments is proved by many warm-hearted personal allusions and expressions of admiration, especially for the Navy and the Air Force. He also disagreed with M. Clemenceau's opinion that Great Britain was so exhausted by the war that she would lose her commercial supremacy and the control of her Empire. Manifestly, nothing that General Pershing has said about us was set down in malice. His book is marked throughout by transparent sincerity. It deserves to be read as the candid record of a straightforward soldier and a patriot.

Several other books of American interest demand attention, but I can allot them only a little space. Particularly well written, in a delightful vein of quiet humour and irony, is "THE STATES THROUGH IRISH EYES." By



YORKSHIRE BEATS THE AMERICAN SPEED RECORD FOR SUIT-MAKING, FROM SHEEP TO GARMENT: A STAGE IN THE TAILORING (DONE IN 37½ MINUTES)—CUTTERS WHO COMPLETED THEIR TASK IN 3 MINUTES.

of British shipping, by July 1 (1918) nearly 450,000 American infantry and machine-gunners were landed in France to fill the gaps in the British and French armies."

That last phrase gives the key to the puzzle of M. Clemenceau's ferocity, for it touches the very point on which the American commander was so obdurate. He did not want to "fill the gaps" in the British or French armies. He wanted, not unnaturally, to command a self-contained and autonomous American army. This constant endeavour forms one of the main burdens of a book that has provoked some criticism in this country, namely, "MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR." By John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces. With Portrait Frontispiece (Hodder and Stoughton; 31s. 6d.). Its formidable length (700 pages) arises, no doubt, from a desire to give the American public full particulars of a great national adventure. A British reader may be pardoned for skipping some of the long sections meant for home consumption, such as those condemning American unpreparedness for war and the mistakes or shortcomings of military authorities in the United States, in the despatch of troops and war material to Europe, after the General himself had reached France. There remains, however, a large proportion of the work, bearing on the conduct of British leaders and their men, which will be scanned closely by readers over here, and not always with approval. The passages which have caused protest are not concerned with individuals so much as with troops in the mass. Despite strong differences of opinion as to the use and distribution of the American forces, General Pershing's references to Allied leaders (especially Haig, Foch, Pétain, and Clemenceau) are always admiring and cordial; sometimes affectionate. It is rather his continual harping on the "low morale" and pessimism of the British troops as demoralising his own men, and his contention that they were inadequately trained in open skirmishing, as distinct from trench warfare, which have provoked some intelligible rejoinders.

These adverse reflections on British morale may be due, I think, to unfamiliarity with our national character. We, of course, are well aware that the average Briton—at any rate the Englishman—is an inveterate "grouser" and addicted to self-deprecation, especially in his grouse moments. "Old Bill" was not the man to blow his own trumpet; and his attitude, I take it, might easily have been misunderstood by the American mind. General Pershing is quite justified in recording—as matters of fact—statements made in 1917 or 1918, before the Allied victories, expressing opinions then held as to the morale of the British troops, but his subsequent admissions as to their great share in the victories hardly seem to entitle him to repeat and confirm such opinions now.

of Allied Commanders on Oct. 28, 1918, invited his views as to the terms to be imposed upon the enemy. General Pershing then said: "The condition of the French and British armies can best be judged by the fact that they have been continuously on the offensive since then [i.e., the counter-offensive of July 18], and that they are now attacking with as much vigour as ever." And again, in a letter to the Supreme Allied War Council, advising a demand for unconditional surrender from Germany,



ONE OF THE LAST PROCESSES IN THE PRODUCTION OF A SUIT OF CLOTHES WITHIN 3½ HOURS, AT BATLEY: A LATER STAGE IN THE TAILORING—WOMEN AT WORK PRESSING THE TROUSERS.



FROM SHEEP TO GARMENT IN 3 HRS. 20½ MIN.: THE FIRST OF TWO YORKSHIRE "RECORDS"—THE COMPLETED SUIT (BY J. T. AND J. TAYLOR, LTD., AND PRICES TAILORS, LTD.) HELD BY LADY CAMPBELL; (ON RIGHT) SIR BEN TURNER, M.P.

The American speed record for suit-making (6 hrs. 4 min. from sheep to garment) was beaten on June 23 by two Yorkshire firms—Messrs. J. T. and J. Taylor, of Batley, and Prices Tailors, Ltd. ("The Fifty Shilling Tailors"), of Leeds—who did the whole work in 3 hrs. 20½ min. The cloth-making took 2 hrs. 43 min.; and the tailoring 37½ min. The time included 16 min. to convey the cloth by car from Batley to Leeds. Next day the record was further reduced to 2 hrs. 10 min. by another firm (Messrs. Crowther of Huddersfield), also in co-operation with Prices Tailors, as illustrated opposite. Lady Campbell, wife of Sir Malcolm Campbell, acted as a scrutineer on each occasion.

E. O. Somerville. Illustrated by the Author (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). The frequent snatches of Irish dialect and anecdote give a distinctive touch to these impressions of social America. As might be expected from an Irish author, there is much about hunting, horses, and dogs. American hospitality also receives due appreciation. Her drawings equal the charm of her word-pictures.

One new form of literature which our epoch can claim to have invented is what might be called vicarious autobiography. Some bright mind realised that the people with the most interesting experiences are often those who cannot put them into literary form. Hence we get the new class of dictated reminiscences told at second-hand by an expert writer. Who originated the method I do not know, but a famous example was the self-story of the late "Trader" Horn. Somewhat in the same style, but in a different setting—nearer to Cape Horn than the Cape of Good Hope—is "A YANKEE IN PATAGONIA," Edward Chace. His Thirty Years There, 1898-1928. By Robert and Katharine Barrett. With Maps, and Frontispiece by Dorothy Fuller Odell (Cambridge; Heffer; 12s. 6d.). Here we have racy yarns and a stark revelation of life in the rough. How the book came into being may be gathered from the following: "His [Chace's] vocabulary had been half-Spanish when he arrived, and to the true New England ear there was a taint of Irish and Welsh and Scotch and Berkshire, 'an' the like o' that,' in the English half. . . . It was no orderly stream of memory, but a flood over which neither he nor we had any control. One stenographer after another broke loose from his moorings in it, went adrift, and presently sank . . . but my wife contrived a shorthand of her own."

Travel notes on more conventional lines during an extensive journey in South America, mingled with historical information, comprise an instructive volume called "FROM PANAMA TO PATAGONIA," By Charles Wendell Townsend. With forty-five Photographs by the Author and a Map (Witherby; 12s. 6d.). Here I notice an incidental allusion to General Pershing's mission in 1925-26 to Chile and Peru in connection with the Tacna-Arica dispute. Another book presents a hectic phase in recent American history. An amazing rush in real-estate development is recorded vividly through personal experiences in the pages of "BOOM IN FLORIDA." By T. H. Weigall. With twelve Illustrations (Lane; 10s. 6d.).

The greatest city in the States is seen through French eyes—and very penetrating eyes too—in "NEW YORK." By Paul Morand. Translated by Hamish Miles. With fourteen Illustrations by Joquin Vaquero (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). Some of the modernist woodcuts are extremely effective. It is very interesting to hear what a Frenchman

[Continued on page 44.]



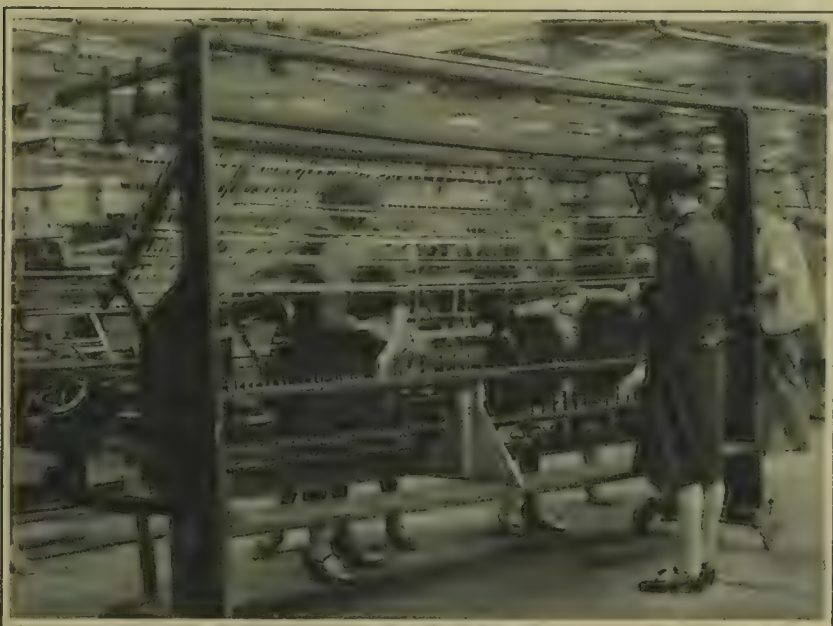
## FROM SHEEP TO SUIT IN 2 HOURS 10 MIN.: A GARMENT-MAKING "RECORD."



TWELVE SHEEP SHORN IN UNDER 10 MINUTES: THE FIRST STEP IN THE MAKING OF A SUIT OF CLOTHES IN A LITTLE OVER TWO HOURS—SHEARERS AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO START—NOT *AB OVO*, BUT *AB OVI*!



SPINNING THE WEFT: A LATER STAGE IN THE "RECORD" PRODUCTION OF MATERIAL FOR A TWEED SUIT, IN THE MILLS OF MESSRS. JOHN CROWTHER AND SONS, AT HUDDERSFIELD.



WARPING: YORKSHIRE GIRLS EMPLOYED IN MESSRS. CROWTHER'S MILLS DOING THEIR PART IN THE PROCESS OF PRODUCING MATERIAL FOR A SUIT WHICH WAS FINISHED IN RECORD TIME.



DYEING THE WEFT: THE PROCESS OF GIVING ITS COLOUR TO THE WOOLLEN MATERIAL USED IN PRODUCING A TWEED SUIT WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN RECORD TIME AT HUDDERSFIELD.



WEAVING THE CLOTH: THE PROCESS WATCHED BY LADY CAMPBELL (ONE OF THE SCRUTINEERS), WIFE OF SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, THE RACING MOTORIST, WHO INSTIGATED THE "RECORD" SUIT-MAKING EFFORT.



MACHINING THE SUIT: GIRLS OPERATING SOME OF THE MACHINES INSTALLED AT THE MILLS BY MESSRS. PRICES TAILORS, LTD., WHO CONVERTED THE MATERIAL INTO A FINISHED SUIT IN 29½ MINUTES.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous racing motorist, recently challenged the Yorkshire woollen and clothing industries to beat the American speed record in suit-making, from sheep-shearing to finished garment. In the United States the whole process had been accomplished in 6 hours 4 minutes by an emigrant from Bradford (Mr. Thomas Kitson). The challenge was accepted, and the American record has been handsomely beaten by two well-known West Riding wool firms, both co-operating with the same tailors. The first new "record"—3 hours, 20½ min.—was set up on June 23 (as illustrated opposite) by Messrs. Taylor, of Batley, and Messrs. Prices Tailors, 1928, Ltd., of Leeds. Next day (June 24) the still more astonishing record of 2 hours 10 min. was achieved by Messrs. John Crowther

and Sons, of Union Mills, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield, likewise in conjunction with Messrs. Prices. Twelve Southdown sheep were shorn, by six Derbyshire shearers, within ten minutes. The actual weaving took 24½ minutes, and was completed 1 hour 15 min. after the shearing. The tailoring work occupied 29½ min. The shearing began at 10.30 a.m., and the suit was delivered ready to wear at 12.40 p.m., amid tremendous enthusiasm. Lady Campbell again acted as a scrutineer. It was arranged to exhibit both suits at the Imperial Wool Industries Fair, which opened at Bradford on July 3. The suits were both made to the measurements of Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, who will wear one or the other during his forthcoming tour in Canada.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## "THORNS ALSO AND THISTLES."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH it is impossible to draw any hard and fast line between some of the more lowly plants and animals, all doubt as to which is which ceases when we get to the higher types. No one has any difficulty in distinguishing between a cabbage and a cow. The cabbage, in due course, may come to form part of the cow, and the cow may later minister to the growth of the cabbage—though not, I may be reminded, to that which it has eaten. Yet these two very diverse bodies—plant and animal—have this in common: they are made up of living tissue. Every fibre of their being is alive. And on this account they can do what no inanimate body can do—they can convert inert matter into living tissue. They are constantly changing their shape as they run the course of the span of life allotted to them—a few hours or a thousand years.

But some plants and some animals are so constructed that they can live only under certain conditions, either of soil, light, or temperature; or the conditions may be restricted to the matter of food alone. Yet some plants and some animals seem to be irrepressible—they will hold their own under the most difficult conditions. The gardener knows well how exacting some plants are. They must have what they want, or they promptly die. One of the most striking instances I can think of, showing how hard it is to kill some plants, is furnished by the poppy. In the herbaceous border they are as lusty as can be. Their lives have fallen in pleasant places. But a few seeds which have fallen on the gravel path will also insist on living. You may then find such unfortunates sadly stunted but in flower, though no more than three inches high instead of as many feet. Turn to the daisies on the lawn. Every day or two the lawn-mower slices their heads off and the roller bears down what is left of them, but still they will produce flowers. What occupant of the herbaceous border would tolerate such treatment? The rhododendron refuses to grow in a chalk soil; the beech and the juniper revel in it. Some, like the house-leek and the wallflower, and hosts of "rock plants," grow, one might almost say, in the absence of soil—a mere cranny suffices. Besides these are numerous plants like the sea-holly, samphire, and so on, which thrive on sandy beaches by the shore. But some of these, it is to be noticed, will flourish riotously inland. The prickly glasswort, for example, of our sandy seashores, when accidentally introduced into American wheatfields, became a weed which inflicted enormous damage. It was described as taking complete possession

easily be written. To-day, since my choice must be restricted, I propose to confine myself to the theme of spininess in plants, for this presents many puzzling and sometimes contradictory aspects. To begin with, spines are commonly associated with desert plants. But they are no less certainly present in plants growing in anything but desert conditions, as in our furze, roses, and the bramble of our hedges; while holly and thistles have prickly leaves. We have also the spiny stems of our white- and black-thorn.

These apparent contradictions are, after all, explicable. The thorns, we may conclude, are not developed



1. A TREE WHICH HAS TO DEFEND ITS ROOTS, AS WELL AS ITS BRANCHES, WITH SPINES: ROOTS OF THE PALM *ACANTHORHIZA ACULEATA*, SHOWING THEIR FORMIDABLE THORNS.

These spines, which are needle-like and extremely hard and sharp, are not due to desert conditions, usually associated with the development of spiny plants, for the palm in question is stated to have been found growing in a swamp at Alipore. The tree—about 10 ft. high—is described as "one mass of these thorns."

because the tree or plant bearing them lives in arid, sun-baked soil, as in deserts where thorny plants are the rule, but rather for protection of their foliage, which is precious, since thereby they live. In many cases, as in our thorn trees, the spines are so arranged as to protect the opening leaf-buds from the raids of horses and cattle.

The spines of tragacanth bushes (*Astragali*) of South Europe present very remarkable features. In the early spring the branches are beset with clusters of long, grey, needle-like spines, radiating outwards and upwards. In the centre of the tuft lies a bud, as in a cage. As the bud develops into a leaflet—a number of small leaves on a stalk—the terminal leaves of this pin-

nate branch fall off, and presently the rest follow suit, leaving a spine which, during the course of the summer, hardens and becomes a formidable weapon. By the autumn all the leaflets have fallen off. But the leaf, for such it is, is not shed after the manner of leaves, but remains to form a spine for next year's buds. The barberry of our gardens, it will be noticed, has the shoots beset by two kinds of leaves, first with leaves which would never be recognised as such, for they have been transformed into spines like those of cacti. In the axils of these spines short branches with ordinary foliage-leaves appear.

These fall in the autumn, but the spines remain to protect the new buds next year.

The spines of the cactus perform a similar function. These plants grow only in desert regions and have exceedingly thick, fleshy leaves, beset with spines. The succulent leaves store water, which enables the plant to survive the longest drought. But at such periods hungry animals are rendered desperate, and will run the gauntlet of the spines to save themselves from starvation. Were it not for the spines, their attacks would result in the extirpation of the plant; as it is, they resort to this source of food only when maddened by hunger and thirst, hence the damage done is greatly restricted.

Sometimes these spines grow to a relatively enormous size, as in the acacias of South Africa. Here, during the Boer War, I am told, the branches of these trees were cut off and piled up in place of barbed wire, and they were certainly quite as effective, for nothing could get through them. Sometimes thorns or spines are developed round seed-coats, serving to hook on to the hair of passing animals and so get carried off and dropped far from the parent plant. A seed of this kind, from the South African "grapple-plant" (*Uncaria procumbens*), is shown in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 2).

The naturalist Belt, when in Nicaragua, found a species of acacia bearing huge spines known as "bull's horn" thorns, from their likeness to a bull's horns, for they grow in pairs. These horns are hollow and tenanted by a small species of ant with a very vicious bite. The least shake of its branches brings down a shower of the little creatures, to the great discomfort of the man or beast who inadvertently touched this "booby-trap." Thus the trees are effectively protected against attack. The lesser Asiatic yam (*Dioscorea esculenta*) protects its underground tubers against the raids of wild pigs by a mat of fierce thorns. But in cultivated plants, it is interesting to note, no thorns are developed.

My thoughts were directed to this theme by some very remarkable thorns sent to me from India by my friend Mr. Percy Lancaster, who is engaged in most important work on economic botany. The largest of these (Fig. 3) are those of *Acacia spadicigera*. These, he remarks in his letter to me, "are supposed to contain ants which save the tree from attack . . . the thorns are 'enough to do that.'" Doubtless this is so, for I can find no entrance holes. The other thorns are borne on the aerial roots of a palm (*Acanthorhiza aculeata*) (Fig. 1). They are certainly long enough and sharp enough to prove very effective weapons of offence. I can say no more about them at present, however, because he did not tell me anything as to the nature of the country in which he found them. His reply to my request for information may well furnish me with a subject for another essay.



3. SPINES USED BY A PLANT AS "BARRACKS" FOR ITS INSECT DEFENDERS! *ACACIA SPADICIGERA*, WHICH, IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED, HARBOURS VIRULENT ANTS IN ITS HUGE SPINES, LIKE THE "BULL'S-HORN" *ACACIA*.

The traveller-naturalist Belt, when in Nicaragua, found a species of acacia bearing huge spines, which were known as "bull's-horn" thorns, from their likeness to a bull's horn, for they grow in pairs. These spines, which were hollow, were tenanted by a small species of ant with a peculiarly virulent bite. Any animal attempting to climb the tree or eat its leaves would set the branches shaking and bring down on itself a shower of these little tormentors. The spines of the *Acacia spadicigera*, however, in the opinion of the well-known botanist Mr. Percy Lancaster, are not thus tenanted, being in themselves formidable enough to defend the tree.



2. SPINES USED BY A PLANT IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF ITS SEED: A SEED-POD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN GRAPPLE-PLANT (*UNCARIA PROCUMBENS*); WITH SPINY OUTGROWTHS THAT CATCH IN THE FUR OF PASSING ANIMALS, WHO ARE THUS MADE TO CARRY THE SEED TO REMOTE AREAS.

Livingstone pointed out that the thorns and spiny outgrowths of this strange seed-capsule catch on to the fur of passing animals, and that thereby they are transported to areas remote from their parent plant. Our burdock seeds are distributed in a similar fashion.

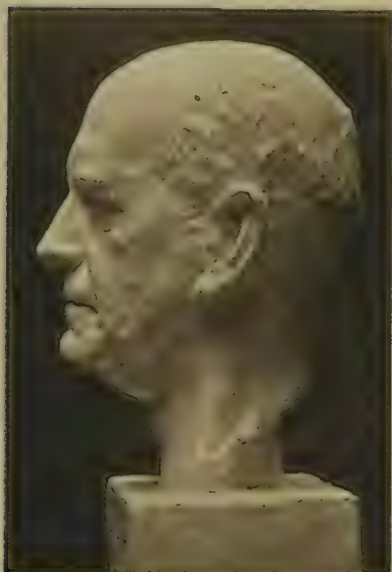
of the soil, whilst its spiny nature made it objectionable both to horses and other animals.

One might, indeed, greatly extend this review. The random examples here cited are set down merely to show the exacting conditions demanded by some plants; the ability of others to thrive where the conditions of existence are apparently harsh, to say the least; and the surprising versatility of others. But the peculiarities of plants as we see them growing wild, or in the garden, are generally not so much due to the qualities of the soil they grow in as to adjustments between themselves in the struggle for existence, and the relationship they have established with the external world in regard to the quality and form of their leaves, their mode of branching, and the means they have adopted to secure the continuation of their race—that is to say, in regard to their reproductive functions. On any one of these aspects a whole volume could



# MEN OF LETTERS—BY THE "PLASTIC HISTORIAN": FAMOUS PROFILES.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORIGINALS BY JO DAVIDSON ON EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. M. KNOEDLER AND CO'S, 15, OLD BOND STREET.



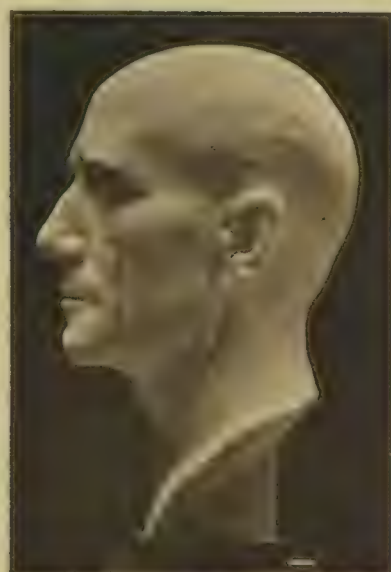
JOHN GALSWORTHY.



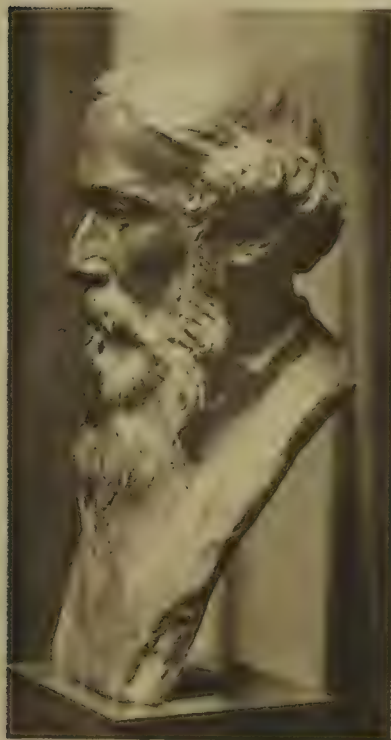
RUDYARD KIPLING. (MEMORY SKETCH.)



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.



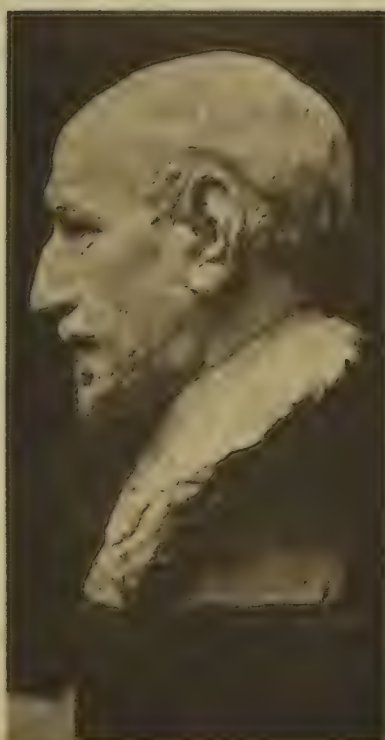
ANDRÉ GIDE



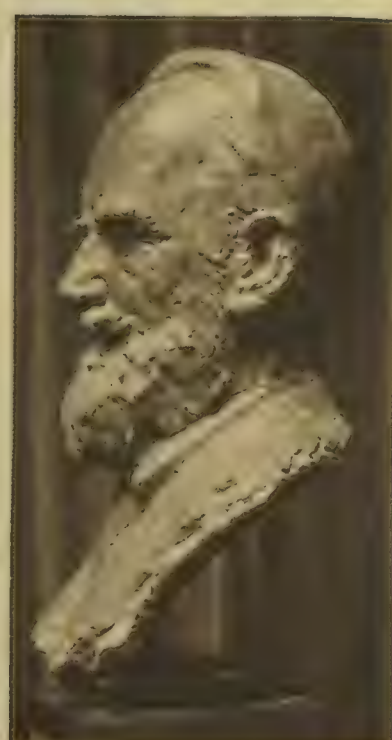
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



FRANK SWINNERTON.



LUIGI PIRANDELLO.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



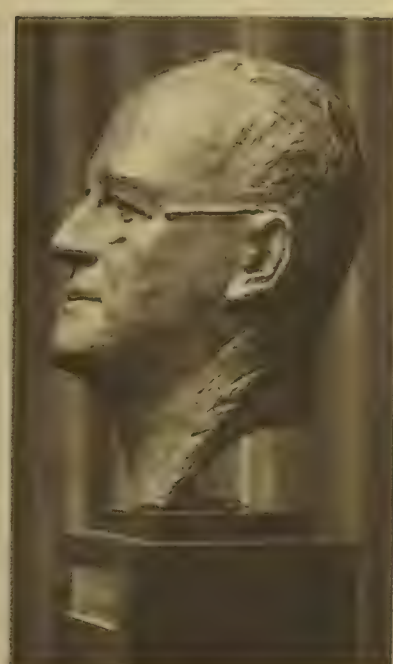
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



JAMES JOYCE.



ALDOUS HUXLEY.



HUGH WALPOLE.

Mr. Jo Davidson, the distinguished American sculptor—or, as he prefers to style himself, plastic historian—has a peculiarly interesting show at Knoedler's—An Exhibition of Portrait Busts of Some Contemporary Men of Letters. The works in question are among those he has produced since 1912. As to his art, we cannot do better than quote the "Observer": "Twenty-eight busts, twenty-six placed against the walls and two towering like silent sentinels over a case containing original manuscripts, transform Messrs. Knoedler's Gallery in Old Bond Street into a Pantheon of contemporary literature. For all these busts are portraits of contemporary men of letters assembled here in aid of the Royal

Literary Fund. They are the work of the American sculptor Mr. Jo Davidson, who in his representations not only gives life-like renderings of his sitters' features, but seems to penetrate deep into their souls, where lies the secret of their inspiration. Mr. Davidson must be a firm believer that the outward appearance of men reflects their inner self; at least, for those who, like himself, have mastered the delicate art of observation. By the subtle capture of a characteristic expression, by the slightest but shrewdly suggestive turn or bend of the head, he not only gives perfect descriptions of his subjects' personality, but manages also to signalise the general trend of their work."



# MODERN METHODS IN A DISTURBED INDUSTRY: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHAS. R. H. PICKARD. BY COURTESY OF THE NEWDIGATE COLLIERY (1931), LTD.,



THE TEETH OF THE COAL-CUTTER: THE REAR END OF THE MACHINE, SHOWING SHARP PICKS CARRIED BY AN ENDLESS CHAIN UNDER THE COAL FOR TEARING-OUT A LAYER—(ON RIGHT) THE ENDLESS BELT ON WHICH COAL IS REMOVED.



A COAL-CUTTING "SAMSON": AN ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN SAMSON COAL-CUTTER MAKING ITS CUT (OVER 200 YARDS IN ONE WORKING SHIFT) AS IT TRAVELS ALONG THE FACE BY WINDING THE WIRE ROPE ON TO THE DRUM.

the various subjects as supplied by an expert, but in two of them some amplification is necessary, owing to limits of space under the photographs. Thus, the explanatory note on the right-hand illustration in the upper row goes on to say: "The face conveyors are standing in the place from which coal has been removed a day or two previously. The height of the roof above them is the thickness of the coal seam, and is the height in which the men on the face work. The greater height shown in the upper part of the picture has been made by removing stone, in order to give room in the future for men and trams to reach the face." Again, with reference to the subject on the left in the lower row, the full explanation reads as follows: "Coal-cutters relieve the miner of his hardest work by cutting-out a layer of coal from 4 to 8 inches thick, to a depth of 4 ft. or more. Explosives are then fired, which break the coal towards the slot already formed, and prepare the coal for shovelling away. The picture shows an electrically-driven Samson coal-cutter making its cut. It travels along the working face of the coal by winding the wire rope on to the drum. It has cut over 200 yards in one working shift. The large pit in the



LEAVING THE FACE: THE BELT CONVEYOR WHICH PLACES THE COAL INTO ANOTHER CONVEYOR (AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO IT) FOR REMOVAL—(ON RIGHT) A DARK HORIZONTAL LINE IN THE COAL SHOWING WHERE IT HAS BEEN CUT BY A COAL-CUTTER.



TRAVELLING TOWARDS THE SHAFT: A BELT CONVEYOR TAKING THE COAL SMOOTHLY AND SILENTLY ALONG A MAIN ROAD TO THE POINT WHERE IT IS PLACED IN TRAMS FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE SHAFT.

THESE very interesting photographs of modern coal-mining by machinery, with its comparative cleanliness, are of particular significance just now in connection with recent anxiety regarding the possibility of a new crisis in the coal industry, falling an agreement between miners and owners. It may be recalled that the miners' leaders, especially Mr. A. J. Cook, advised the men, in view of foreign competition, to remain content with a 7½-hour working day and to forgo the 7-hour day which the law would permit after July 6, if they could thus maintain their present rate of wages; while Welsh owners on their part undertook to continue the present rate for twelve months in districts where the 7½-hour day had been worked. Our photographs show one of the many installations of machinery in up-to-date British mines, by which the cost of producing coal is being reduced. The appliances here illustrated are capable of dealing with the mining of coal under many different conditions, which vary according to locality. We give the descriptions of

# CLEANLINESS OF COAL-MINING BY MACHINERY.

THE LEYLAND AND BIRMINGHAM RUBBER COMPANY, LTD., AND MESSRS. MAYOR AND COULSON, LTD.



IN THE ROADWAY, RUNNING AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO THE WORKING FACE: THE LOADING CONVEYOR, AFTER RECEIVING COAL FROM THE FACE CONVEYOR, PLACING IT ON THE BELT CONVEYOR (SEEN ON THE RIGHT)



RAILROAD ROADS IN A MODERN MINE: A "TUNNEL" ROOFED BY SEMI-CIRCULAR STEEL GIRDERS; (IN CENTRE) THE STEEL ROPE BY WHICH THE TRAMS ARE DRAWN ALONG UNTIL THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

(foreground is very firmly fixed at an angle in order to give the greatest strength to withstand the enormous pull on the wire rope anchored to the foot of it." It should be mentioned that the photographs were taken at Newdigate Colliery, Warwickshire, where machine mining was introduced by Mr. D. S. Newey, General Mines Manager, who received great assistance from Messrs. Mayor and Coulson and the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Company, the makers of the coal-cutting and conveyor machinery and the conveyor belts. The photographer, Mr. C. R. H. Pickard, who, with his son, remained in the pit from 3 p.m. on a Saturday till 2 p.m. the next day, writes in describing their adventures: "Most of the photographs were taken two miles or more from the shaft, and all of them by special and ingeniously concealed lighting equipment installed for the purpose and transferred from one part of the pit to another. We were assisted by a dozen men. We trudged along in procession along the 'main roads,' each with a miner's lamp, for about half a mile, until we arrived at the train. Here we all got into the tubs, and for a mile we clattered and bumped. Now we were nearly 3000 ft. below the surface. Here we left the train, and after another half-mile on foot arrived at a part of a main road where the coal which comes from the coal face tumbles off the end of a conveyor-belt into tubs. We divided into two parties, so as to have both cameras in use at the same time in different places. We worked all through the night. A few weeks later we visited this colliery again, and were in the pit twelve hours on Saturday and fourteen on Sunday. Colliery photographs are usually taken a small size and with inadequate lighting, but we carried out the work in a serious manner with large apparatus and with most careful attention paid to efficient lighting arrangements and all other essential details. This colliery is particularly well equipped with up-to-date mechanical appliances for cutting and handling the coal, conveying it from the coal face to tubs in the main roads, and hauling it to the shaft. It was to illustrate this work that the photographs were taken."



TWO CONVEYORS MEET: A FACE CONVEYOR COMING FROM THE LEFT AND A FACE CONVEYOR COMING FROM THE RIGHT FEEDING COAL INTO A CONVEYOR RUNNING AT RIGHT-ANGLES TO THEM TOWARDS THE OBSERVER AND AWAY FROM THE FACE.



THE LOADING STATION, WHERE COAL AT THE END OF THE BELT CONVEYOR IS CHIPPED INTO TRAMS FOR REMOVAL TO THE SURFACE: A TRAM BEING FILLED, AN EMPTY ONE BEHIND IT WAITING, AND (ABOVE IT) THE ELECTRIC MOTOR DRIVING THE CONVEYOR.



# NEW LIGHT ON BYZANTINE ART: EARLY EGYPTIAN FROM THE 12TH TO THE 15TH CENTURIES—A PERIOD

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE BYZANTINE INSTITUTE



ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY WITH ITS LOFTY WALLS: THE ONLY GROUND ENTRANCE, AND THE GALLERY OF THE TRAP-DOOR THROUGH WHICH MEN AND GOODS ARE DRAWN UP BY PULLEY.



ONE OF THE OLDEST SURVIVING CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS: ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY—A VIEW WITHIN THE WALLS, SHOWING CELLS, CHURCH, AND GARDENS, WITH SURROUNDING HEIGHTS.



A CHRISTIAN FORTRESS THAT PROTECTED THE FRONTIERS OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE: ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY—THE KEEP, SHOWING THE ONLY ENTRANCE BY THE DRAWBRIDGE.

These photographs are of special interest in view of the International Exhibition of Byzantine Art which is now on view in Paris, at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in the Louvre. They come from the Byzantine Institute of America, whose representative, writing recently from Cairo, says with reference to the wall-paintings here illustrated: "We know enough about early Christian painting in Egypt of the seventh century, but until now we have known nothing about painting of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. We have found one fresco dated 1233, and others of the three succeeding centuries." Describing the buildings where these paintings came to light, after cleaning, he continues thus: "The monasteries of St. Anthony and St. Paul are among the oldest surviving Christian institutions. St. Anthony himself appears to have been the founder of Christian monasticism in Egypt in the fourth century, and St. Paul, somewhat his senior, is the first recorded Christian hermit of the Eastern Desert. In the history of the Church, these two monasteries were for many centuries strongholds of the Christian faith. They are, indeed, great Christian fortresses. In the first centuries after their foundation in the Qalala Hills rising



AN ANCIENT MONASTIC FOUNDATION WITH WALLS NEARLY 50 FEET HIGH ENCLOSING GARDENS, SPRINGS, CELLS, AND CHURCHES: ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY—THE GARDENS AND TREES.



MONASTIC LIFE AS STILL LIVED IN A CHRISTIAN INSTITUTION OF VERY EARLY FOUNDATION: MONKS AT THEIR DOORS IN A STREET OF CELLS AT ST. PAUL'S MONASTERY.

# MONASTERIES AND THEIR WALL-PAINTINGS DATING HITHERTO UNREPRESENTED BY SUCH EXAMPLES.

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WALL-DECORATION, ST. ANTHONY'S MONASTERY: A CROSS WITH SYMBOLS. AN EXAMPLE OF ART REPRESENTING A PERIOD OF WHICH FEW PAINTINGS WERE PREVIOUSLY KNOWN.



RARE EXAMPLES OF CHRISTIAN PAINTING IN THE PERIOD FROM THE 12TH TO THE 15TH CENTURIES: FIGURES OF MOUNTED SAINTS IN A DOME IN THE MONASTERY OF ST. PAUL.

above the Gulf of Suez, like the Monastery of the Transfiguration across the water on the Sinai Peninsula, they protected the eastern frontiers of the Byzantine Empire from the Barbarians. In later times, when Egypt became a province of Islam, they were monastic commonwealths independent and powerful. It was from these communities that many Coptic Patriarchs of Alexandria were chosen. The present Patriarch of Ethiopia was a monk in the Monastery of St. Anthony. Here, in these ancient seats of Christian faith observing the Coptic rite, monasticism still survives in the primitive aspect of the first millennium. Their isolation left them open to frequent attacks of desert tribes, and removed them from the reach of all but infrequent and hardy travellers. Although the monuments of ancient Egypt and many Christian churches in the Nile Valley have been investigated, it is only now, for the first time, that these monasteries have been carefully examined. No excavations have been undertaken, since they would involve damage to conventual buildings actually in use. During two seasons these sites have been the object of successful study by the Byzantine Institute staff."



WALL-PAINTINGS IN ST. ANTHONY'S MONASTERY: THE RESURRECTION; THE MOTHER OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE; CHRIST; THE TOMB; AN ANGEL; AND THE THREE MARIES.



THE ENTHRONEMENT: A WALL-PAINTING IN THE MONASTERY OF ST. ANTHONY—ONE OF THOSE BELIEVED TO BELONG TO AN UNRECORDED PERIOD OF BYZANTINE ART.



WHERE "MONASTICISM STILL SURVIVES IN THE PRIMITIVE ASPECT OF THE FIRST MILLENNIUM": MONKS IN THEIR VESTMENTS AFTER A SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.



## THE TOMB OF THE SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODONS:

SCIENTIFIC TREASURE FROM A NATURAL DEATH-TRAP: A COMPLETE SERIES OF MASTODONS ENGULFED IN MONGOLIAN MORASSES TWO MILLION YEARS AGO.

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, Leader and Zoologist of the Central Asiatic Expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History. (See Illustrations opposite, and on pages 22-23.)

Mongols lived there. It was inhabited only by gazelles, which do not need to drink, by wolves and great black vultures. We learned to fear that plain. One day, while chasing a wolf in one of the cars without a compass, I lost myself. The sun was obscured, but the strange direction-instinct which all explorers possess brought me back to camp. Still, it was an unpleasant experience which might have resulted in something serious.

We named the place where our tents were pitched Wolf Camp. Thirteen wolves were shot by our men at this one spot. Almost every evening and morning one or more of these marauders would be seen going to or returning from his nightly foray among the Mongol sheep far out in the basin. It was reasonable to believe that we should find ancient quicksands, bogs, and tributary river-beds along the shore of the lake. Such deposits usually contain fossils. Our supposition was correct. The first day's inspection resulted in the discovery of half-a-dozen exposures where bones were visible. Père Teilhard de Chardin, the famous French palæontologist, who was a member of the expedition, found the most important

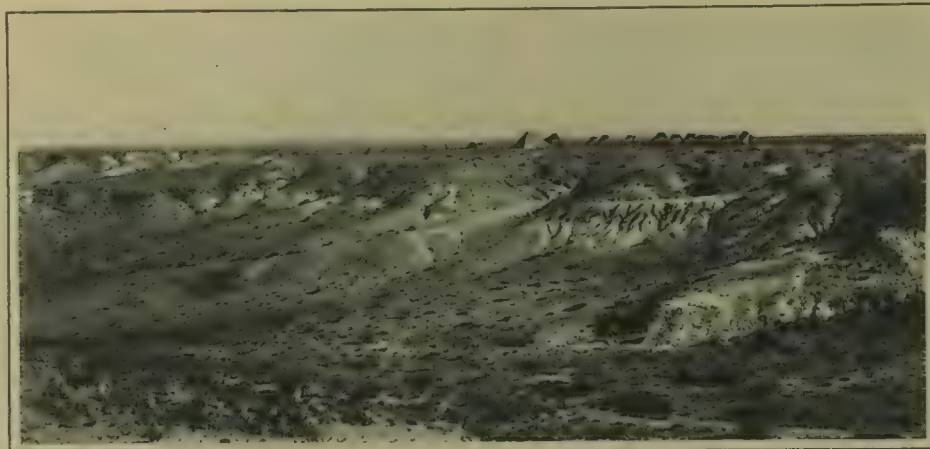
place some six miles from camp. The molar teeth of a mastodon protruded from the centre of a sandstone boulder. Beside it the surface of the desert was strewn with fragments of fossil bones, mostly mastodon.

As soon as work was begun upon the deposit it was evident that we were opening a mastodon tomb. At least forty of the great shovel-tusked beasts had been trapped in a bog. A thick intrusion of hard green clay enclosed the fossils and extended downward into the sandstone. The bones were in a chaotic mass, like a heap of great jackstraws. One, which protruded above the surface, might run among and under so many others that it could not be removed for a week or more. The enormous shovel jaws lay in every conceivable position; some were horizontal, others vertical, as though they had been pushed down by a giant's hand.

As we explored the deposit, the story of what had happened there two million years ago was told as plainly

death-trap, and on its surface floated masses of succulent aquatic plants, the favourite food of the mastodons. I can visualise a great shovel-tusker slashing his way along the bay shore, dredging up quantities of vegetation in his spoon-shaped jaw. With his thick trunk he selected choice bits and stuffed them into his mouth to be masticated by his molar teeth. The remainder he tossed aside. The bait of water-plants floating so innocently over the well of mud enticed him into the trap. Suddenly, in the midst of his greedy feeding, he found that he could not raise his feet. Struggling madly, he sank deeper and deeper into the clinging mud, the water closed above his head, and his last agonies were those of a drowning animal. His body disappeared, but the trap remained baited with the enticing vegetation.

Other mastodons came, singly or in groups, some of them females with their young. Many of these were caught. Their bodies sank into the pit, pushed farther and farther down by the weight of other victims. Forty, we know, died in this one spot, because we found the bones of at least that number of individuals. Scores of ribs, vertebrae, limb bones, and thirty tusks were uncovered during the two months that we worked in that single camp. Seventeen beautiful shovel jaws, almost undamaged, are on their way to New York. A dozen others, badly broken, were



THE SCENE OF INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN THE WILDS OF MONGOLIA: CAMP MARGETTS, AND FOSSIL BEDS WHERE AMBLYPODA, GIANT HYÆNA, TURTLES, AND MANY OTHER SPECIMENS WERE FOUND.

discarded. It was difficult preparation, for the bones were soft. Each one had to be thoroughly soaked with shellac before it could be removed. Only four skulls were obtained, although the cellular fragments of many others were scattered all through the deposit.

To complete this remarkable collection, another death-trap was discovered just below our tents at Wolf Camp. In this one only baby mastodons were found, together with other small mammals. Evidently it had been a much shallower bog. Mother mastodons with their babies came here to drink or feed. Doubtless both were trapped, but the adults, because of their superior strength, could extricate themselves. Sometimes, too, they could help out their frightened babies. But others were not so fortunate, and we recovered the remains of a dozen young shovel-tuskers, representing almost every stage of growth. I said that the deposit contained only baby mastodons. That is not quite correct. Albert Thomson uncovered the posterior half of one adult female. Fortunately for us, she had been pregnant when she died. In the pelvic cavity was found part of the skull and jaw of an unborn baby. Thus our series is complete, and, moreover, we can study palæo-embryology.

Other mammals had been caught in this bog, but all of them were small. There were strange deer with tiny palmate antlers like a woman's hand severed at the wrist; gazelles, foxes, and small carnivora. But the baby mastodons were the greatest prize. From the two mud-traps we have the complete life story of one of the strangest of all strange mammals. As Walter Granger and I stood on the edge of the escarpment the evening before we left, looking out over the basin swimming in Gobi haze, he said:

"If those old shovel-tuskers had been living to-day, and we were asked to collect a series showing age and growth, we could hardly have done better. And yet they lived two million years ago, and we had to take what we chanced to find."



"BEHIND THE TENTS LAY A VAST WATERLESS DESERT": DIGGING TREASURE-TROVE FOR PALÆONTOLOGY IN THE MONGOLIAN WILD—THE MASTODON PIT AFTER ABOUT TWO WEEKS' WORK.

as though it had been written in stone and left for us to read. I can tell you the main facts—the details, of course, we cannot know. A small bay extended inland from the main lake. Near its end there was a deep depression filled with soft, sticky mud. Probably shallow water covered the



THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS IN THE GOBI DESERT: MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS WITH A PET GAZELLE AND HER BABY IN CAMP.

ABOUT two million years ago a great lake existed in East Central Mongolia. It was nearly as large as Lake Michigan. The Central Asiatic Expedition discovered it at the very end of the summer in 1928. Of course, it is dry now, but the ancient shore-line is plainly delineated by a thick layer of fresh-water shells. We camped there for two weeks in 1928, and almost immediately made an interesting discovery. Captain Hill, our topographer, brought in a flat plate about ten inches long, eight inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick. It was obviously a tooth, but what animal wore a tooth of that type we could not imagine. During the next few days a dozen similar plates were found. Walter Granger, chief palæontologist, and I discussed them for hours without arriving at a satisfactory solution of the mystery. It was not until the very last evening of our stay in the desert that we learned the answer to the riddle.

I had given orders to break camp at daylight the next morning to return to Peking. At luncheon Granger remarked: "There is a strip of badlands to the east of us that I haven't looked over. Think I'll go out there this afternoon." It was almost dark when he returned. He was climbing up the side of the escarpment on the edge of which our camp was pitched when his eye caught sight of a fossil partly exposed. It extended deep into the bluff. Working away the loose sediment, he exposed two of the flat plates firmly embedded in bone. He hurried into camp, and I returned with him. With the aid of flashlights we exposed enough of the specimen to see that it was the jaw of a mastodon—but a mastodon the like of which we never had seen. The entire front part of the jaw was expanded to form an enormous concave shovel. It looked like nothing so much as a coal-scoop. The two flat teeth-plates were set side by side at the very end of the jaw, obviously to form a hard cutting-edge for the animal's dredging operations.

We did not break camp next day. Instead, I watched Granger and Thomson remove the specimen. Only two-thirds of the jaw was there, much to our disappointment. The great molar teeth had disappeared with the posterior part of the mandible. Nevertheless, it told the story of a strange beast. After returning to America we learned that ours was not the first shovel-tusked mastodon. During the two years of our absence in the Orient, Professor Barbour, of Nebraska University, had found in that State the skull and jaw of a somewhat similar type, which he named *Amebelodon*. In Russian Turkestan another, more closely related to ours, had been made known to science under the well-chosen designation of *Platybelodon*.

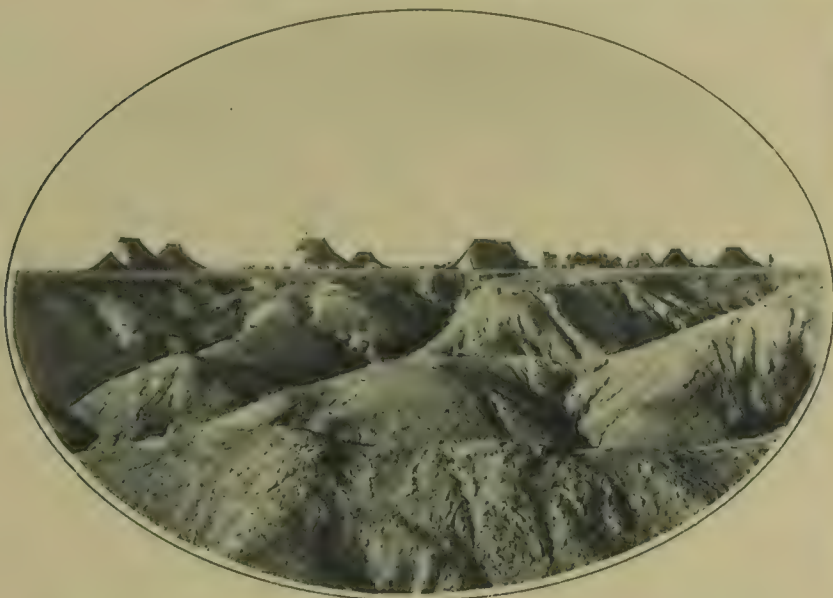
When the Central Asiatic Expedition left for the Gobi Desert in 1930, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, wrote me as follows: "Do try to find more of *Platybelodon*. We need a skull and some of the skeleton. I believe it was a short-legged animal. If you can only find the humerus, I can tell its exact height." For thirty years Professor Osborn has been working on a great monograph of the *Proboscidea*—mammoths, elephants, and mastodons. One can realise his interest in this new type, so strange and so little known. He has described its jaw as "one of the most remarkable adaptations in the animal kingdom."

In the spring of 1930 we returned to our dead lake after a fruitless expedition into the sand-dunes of Eastern Mongolia. The tents were pitched on a promontory which jutted far out into the basin. It was like standing on the deck of a ship and looking out to sea. Far to the west the escarpment marking Irdin Manha, the "Valley of the Jewels," showed as a faint blue line. Below us herds of gazelle grazed peacefully or fled like a cloud of wind-blown leaves across the level floor. Behind the tents, to the eastward, lay a vast waterless desert. No

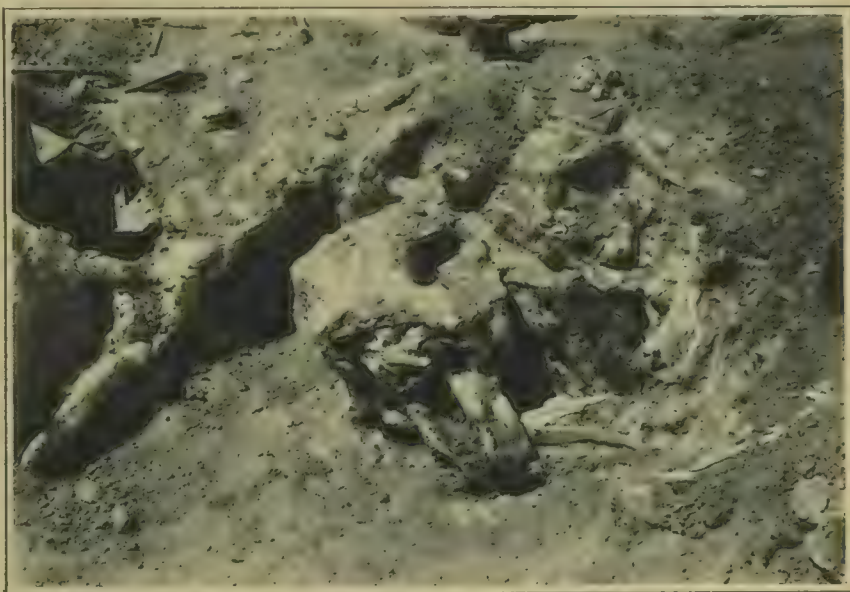


# THE BEAST WITH THE "COAL-SCOOP" JAW: DIGGING FOR PLATYBELODONS.

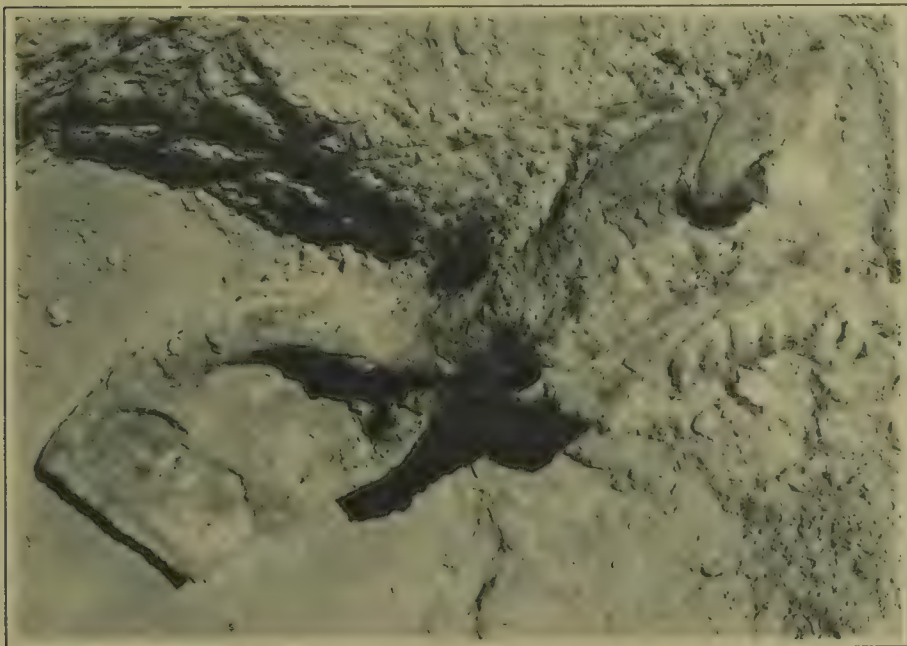
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND "RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING ON PAGES 22-23).



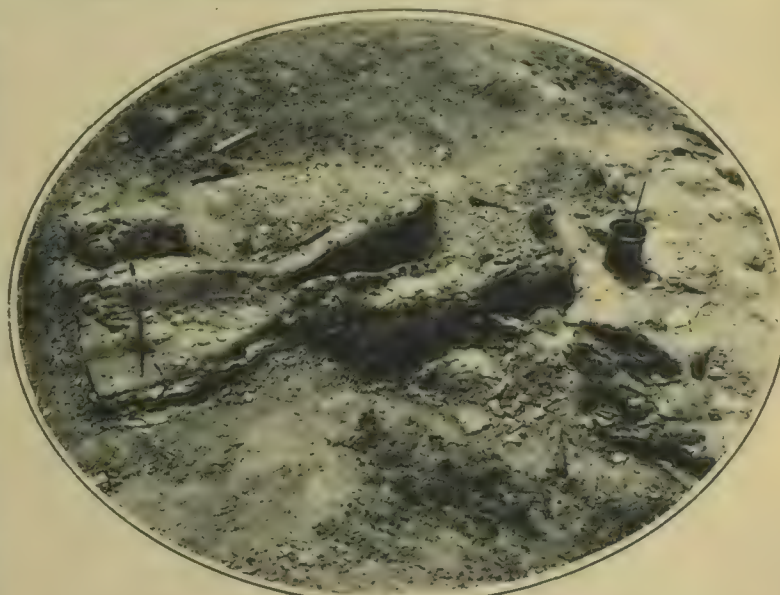
WOLF CAMP—SO NAMED BECAUSE THIRTEEN WOLVES WERE SHOT AT THIS ONE PLACE IN THE GOBI DESERT: THE EXPEDITION'S TENTS, AND (JUST BELOW) THE PIT CONTAINING BONES OF "BABY" MASTODONS.



ONE OF FOUR COMPLETE SKULLS OF SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODONS DISCOVERED WITH OTHER BONES OF THE SKELETON: PART OF THE GREAT PIT CONTAINING REMAINS OF FORTY, ALL DROWNED TOGETHER TWO MILLION YEARS AGO.



LIKE A COAL-SCOOP: THE JAWS OF A SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODON (*PLATYBELODON*) SEEN *IN SITU* AS FOUND IN A PIT SOME SIX MILES SOUTH OF WOLF CAMP, IN THE GOBI DESERT OF MONGOLIA.



SHOWING THE PROTRUDING "COAL-SCOOP" (LEFT), ITS "HANDLE," AND THE TWO ROWS OF MOLAR TEETH (RIGHT): THE SKULL AND JAWS OF A SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODON *IN SITU* AS FOUND 2½ MILES NORTH OF WOLF CAMP.



FOSSIL REMAINS—TWO MILLION YEARS OLD—OF "ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE ADAPTATIONS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM": TWO JAWS OF SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODONS EXCAVATED FROM THE GREAT PIT—THEIR SIZE INDICATED BY THAT OF THE MEN AT WORK.



"THE ENORMOUS SHOVEL JAWS LAY IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE POSITION": THREE *PLATYBELODON* LOWER JAWS *IN SITU* IN THE PIT.

These photographs, taken during the latest expedition from the American Museum of Natural History to the Gobi Desert in Mongolia, illustrate the work of excavating the remains of "one of the strangest of all strange mammals"—the shovel-tusked mastodon (*Platybelodon*)—as described by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, leader of the Expedition, in his article on the opposite page. In one great pit were found the bones of forty of these huge animals, which had evidently perished together in a common catastrophe. It is interesting to compare the aspect of their skeletons, as unearthed from the soil, with the "reconstruction" drawing (on pages 22 and 23) which visualises the scene of their drowning in a mud-pit,

two million years ago, on the fringe of a great lake that has long since dried up. The above photographs show clearly the extraordinary structure of *Platybelodon's* jaws, of which Mr. Andrews wrote in a previous article contributed to our pages: "The anterior portion exactly resembles an enormous coal-scoop. The cutting edge was reinforced with two flat teeth plates, 14 inches wide. Behind the concave scoop the jaw narrows abruptly to form the handle of the 'shovel,' and then divides into the two *rami* which contain the huge molar teeth. Complete, it is over 6 ft. long. The mastodon used it to shovel up the vegetation of the lake shores, tucking the plants back into its mouth by its trunk and tongue."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## A PLEA FOR THE EXPERIMENTALIST.

CONTEMPLATION of the achievements in kinematic art since the introduction of sound results inevitably in the realisation of the immense difficulties which the addition of spoken dialogue has put in the way of all serious essay in the field of drama—difficulties which were of little account in the making of silent pictures and which have by no means been overcome at the present juncture even by the front-rank producers. With the recording of voices brought to a pitch of perfection that can and should carry complete illusion, it may seem strange, on the face of it, to hark back to the old problem of the true balance between picture and sound. Yet it is just that problem which has suggested various paths of more or less easy escape through the portals of fantasy, music, or sensation. In the hands of a Lubitsch or a René Clair, fantasy and music have been yoked together in such a manner as to make the artificial element in the lighter forms of screen entertainment an important component of the whole, welded together with a brilliant ingenuity and audacity. We have had comedies which have broken away from the facile expedient of the photographed stage play, again by the introduction of the fantastic or by the sheer pace of the action. The renaissance of the romance of the "open spaces," obeying as it does the fundamental fact that screen art appeals principally to the eye, has proved that, in this field at least, the substitution of the spoken word for the printed caption can be brought about without any material disruption of the *tempo*. Melodrama can, as has been successfully demonstrated, introduce the

disastrous effect on the enterprise of its creator—remember King Vidor's "Hallelujah"—and the experimental courage of producers in general. Critics, on the whole, consider it no part of their business to compare the aims of an artist with the finished work as submitted to their judgment. But in the case of kinematic art, of all arts the most fluid and

too lengthily engaged. The solution of the problem presents, it would appear, almost insuperable difficulties, or lies in a return to silent-film technique. Yet here again the producer encounters a stumbling-block. The *tempi* accessible to the eye and to the ear are obviously at variance, and the outcome is often an all-round slowing down of pace in order to preserve the balance. The remedy is worse than the disease. The picture becomes ponderous and lays itself open to the dread accusation of slackening tension. The truth is that a whole range of semi-tones, of delicate inflections and sub-conscious emotions, found a ready medium of expression in the silent pictorial drama, whilst it proves refractory to the newer medium of the talking-picture.

Screen drama in dialogue form tends to take on the shape of solid chapters of reality, blocks of definitely defined action, each one a separate and circumscribed statement. Where such statement is impossible, where the director is concerned with the minor key of tragedy and the gradual transmutation of moods, he confronts the undeniable verity that pictorial illusion is a great deal more malleable than the illusion of sound.

Thus the producer who, greatly daring and honestly endeavouring to further the art of the screen, sets himself the task of bringing picture and sound into line in a serious piece of work, is, and should be, honoured as an experimentalist. He may, as Mr. Josef von Sternberg has done in "Dishonoured," choose a subject of conventional dimensions in which to incorporate his experiments. The proceeding, however, is not wise, since the outwardly popular form of drama demands a treatment to match, and experimental work cannot reasonably be accredited with "popular appeal." Nevertheless, I am impelled to indicate "Dishonoured" as a case in point, for the originality in Mr. von Sternberg's use of sound "fade-outs" and superimposition, in his repetition of sound to emphasise the drama of his situations, in the ingenious invention of his heroine's musical ability to cover the passages of silent-screen technique with a legitimate and apposite sound-accompaniment. Certainly Mr. von Sternberg finds no other answer to the difficulties I have attempted to outline than a return to the older technique, and his pace is, frankly, slow to



MARLENE DIETRICH IN A NEW SPY FILM—"DISHONOURED": THE HEROINE OF "MOROCCO," IN THE RÔLE OF A BEAUTIFUL AUSTRIAN SECRET SERVICE AGENT, SHADOWING A RUSSIAN SPY IN AUSTRIAN UNIFORM (VICTOR MCLAGLEN).

The production of "Dishonoured" was directed by Joseph von Sternberg. Victor McLaglen takes the principal masculine rôle—that of a Russian officer and spy. He is seen in the photograph with Marlene Dietrich at his right hand. Gustav von Seyffertitz takes the part of the head of the Austrian Secret Service.

Photograph supplied by Paramount

the most arbitrary, the reaction of the public—or, at any rate, of a public—to new forms must, perforce, be taken into consideration if the judges' verdict is to be of any value. Therefore, a recognition of intentions seems to me to be not only useful but absolutely essential for the advancement of all serious talking-film entertainment. I use the word "entertainment" deliberately, in contradistinction to the cubes, patterns, and obscure cavortings of the *avant-garde*, whose experiments are belauded by the intelligentsia, whilst the commercial producer, falling short of a standard he has himself established by indulging in a different form of experiment, is promptly saddled with a failure. Yet these failures are often vastly more interesting and much more momentous in the evolution of the kinema than a host of widely-acclaimed successes.

The silent screen possessed one great inherent quality which justified its claim to consideration amongst the arts. This was its sublime indifference to the accepted meaning of the word Time. An enduring mood or a slowly accumulating weight of influence which, in reality, might have endured for minutes, hours, or any imaginable span of time, could be condensed into a few seconds by cutting, the shifting angles of vision or the swift succession of a repeated pictorial statement. The talking-film has donned the shackles which its silent predecessor contemptuously discarded. But the repeated word has no such variety to fall back on. Dialogue prolonged to the extent of establishing a mood whilst the eye is neglected merely makes for tedium. How paltry and wholly unkinematic is the device of moving the combatants in a conversational duel from one piece of furniture to another within the four walls of a room!—a device which one remembers to have seen in countless screen dramas, adopted to provide exercise for the eye whilst the ear is more actively and, in the upshot,

the point of irritation; but behind the mistakes and the felicities of the picture there is an individual, venture-some brain, a brain unwilling to leave any possibilities of the talking-film drama unexplored, and therefore a brain supremely worthy of our close attention.



RUTH CHATTERTON AND PAUL LUKAS IN "UNFAITHFUL": FAY HOUSTOUN, THE "BUTTERFLY" OF EUROPE, AND THE YOUNG ARTIST, CARL HEIDEN, WHO DISAPPROVES OF HER, BUT AFTERWARDS MARRIES HER.

Photograph supplied by Paramount.

sensationally spectacular with sound undiluted by dialogue.

But when it comes to the drama of inwardness, of subtle moods and human impulses, the conflict between optical and aural address is far more acute, and here the work of the director is still, I contend, in that experimental stage in which the discriminating should search for the intention as perspicaciously as they hail or condemn the result.

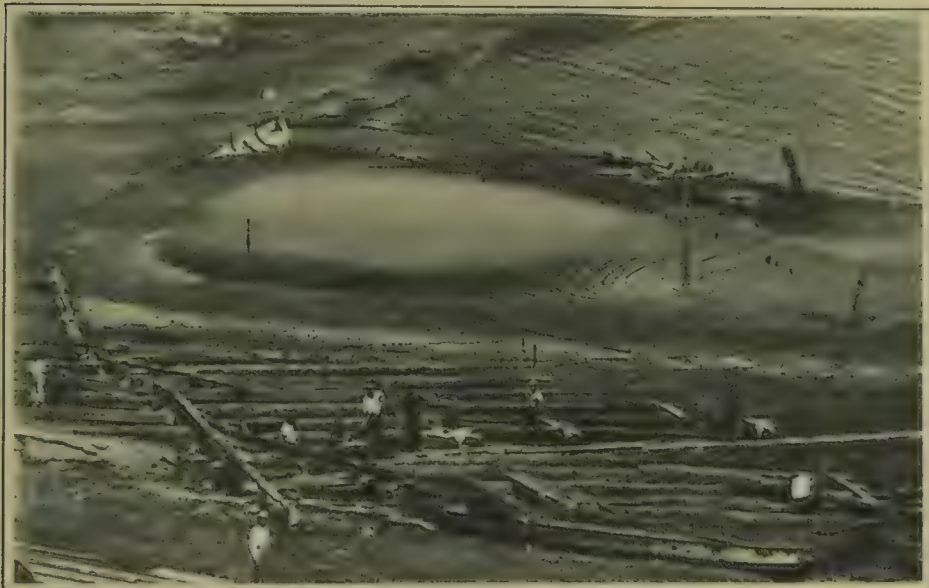
The film, like the stage play—and even more, perhaps, than the stage play, since its ultimate objective is a far more universal and less classified audience—is judged by its immediate effect. It is, even when it breaks new ground, instantly and wholly successful or it misses fire and disappears into limbo with



"SVENGALI"—THE FILM BASED ON DU MAURIER'S "TRILBY": JOHN BARRYMORE AS SVENGALI AND MARIAN MARSH AS TRILBY.—[Photograph supplied by Warner Brothers and Vitaphone.]



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE SECOND GALLEY OF CALIGULA BEING CLEARED FROM LAKE NEMI: THE WHOLE SHIP WITH FLAGS MARKING THE STERN (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AND BOW (LEFT BACKGROUND).

The Italian authorities decided last month to clear the second galley of Caligula from the bed of Lake Nemi, which was partly drained for the recovery of the two vessels. The second one had been damaged by diving operations in 1895, when part of the bow woodwork was torn away, with its bronze decorations. Nevertheless, directly the mud was removed, an ornament of the first rank was discovered—that is, another pilaster of the bronze hand-rail, surmounted



WITH SATYR-HEADED PILASTERS: PART OF THE BRONZE HAND-RAIL FROM THE GALLEY, RESTORED WITH TWO OF ITS THREE ORIGINAL BARS.

with a double head of a satyr, bearded on one side and beardless on the other, similar to that found last year. In our photograph, the new pilaster appears on the left. The excavation is more difficult on this vessel than on the first one, because the hull was embedded in mud about 30 feet thick. If all goes well, the ship will be entirely cleared by September, when arrangements must be made for its removal and preservation.—[Photographs by Bernardi, Genzano.]



A NEW DOOR MADE FOR THE BASILICA OF SAN PAOLO FUORI LE MURA AT ROME: BRONZE AND SILVER PANELS WITH APOSTOLIC SCENES.

A new door forming the principal entrance to the Basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura (St. Paul's outside the Walls), at Rome, was recently inaugurated. The design is in the form of a cross, with bronze and silver carvings (by Antonio Maraini), which represent scenes from the lives of St. Paul and St. Peter.



GERMANY'S CURIOUS "WAR MEMORIAL" TO HER LOST TERRITORY AND COLONIES (MARKED ON THE GLOBE IN BLACK): A MONUMENT UNVEILED AT DÖBERITZ, NEAR BERLIN.

This remarkable monument, recently unveiled on the Truppenübungsplatz at Döberitz, near Berlin, takes the form of a globe on which the territory and colonies lost by Germany in the World War are represented in black. In this photograph are shown the colonies in Africa. The inscription on the pedestal may be translated—"German land in foreign hand." The design of the memorial, it may be added, was the work of Herr Möbius, the German sculptor.



A WHOLE STREET CARPETED WITH FLOWERS: A PICTURESQUE FESTIVAL IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF GENZANO, NEAR ROME.

Many old towns of Italy keep up picturesque festivals whose origins are often lost in the mists of time. Not infrequently some pagan deity is found to have been at the bottom of it all; but the Church hides the paganism under a cloak of Christian ritual. It would be difficult to say when first the famous *Infiorata di Genzano*, or flower-festival of Genzano, was celebrated on the eighth day after Corpus Christi.



# THE HIGHEST SUMMIT ATTAINED BY MAN: 25,447-FT. MOUNT

KAMET EXPEDITION PHOTOGRAPHS



THE KAMET GROUP, FROM BALBALA: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH GIVES AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE GREAT DIFFICULTIES THAT HAD TO BE FACED BY THE EXPEDITION WHICH HAS SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE HIGHEST SUMMIT ATTAINED BY MAN.



THE LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION AND OTHERS TAKING PART IN IT—AT RANIKHET: MR. F. S. SMYTHE (SITTING, CENTRE); DR. RAYMOND GREENE, MR. R. L. HOLDSWORTH, WING-COMMANDER E. M. BRADMAN, MR. E. E. SHIPTON, AND CAPTAIN F. ST. J. HENRIE (STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT); AND (SEATED, IN FRONT) ACHUNG, THE COOK, AND LEUWA, A PORTER.



THE HIGHEST SUMMIT IN THE HIMALAYAS REACHED BEFORE THE ASCENT OF JONGSONG PEAK LAST YEAR, AND THE SCALING OF MOUNT KAMET ON JUNE 21 OF THIS YEAR: A TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF TRISUL, FROM GWALDAM. (23,382 FT.; CLIMBED IN 1907.)



THE LEADER OF THE MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION, MEMBERS OF WHICH HAVE CONQUERED THE 25,447-FT. MOUNT KAMET—SECOND HIGHEST PEAK IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE: MR. F. S. SMYTHE FISHING AT DERAL.

A telegram from Mr. F. S. Smythe, the leader of the Mount Kamet Expedition, was received on the night of June 29 and stated that members of that expedition had reached the summit of Mount Kamet on June 21. The "Times" reported: "They left Ranikhet with their coolies and porters in the middle of May, and arrived at the village of Niti on June 2, after a march through grand Himalayan gorges. Two more marches took them to the base camp, which was reached on June 6. Thereafter five more camps were established and provisioned." The assault on the final 2000 feet to the summit was

# KAMET CONQUERED AT LONG LAST BY BRITISH CLIMBERS.

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT.



THE HIGHEST SUMMIT ATTAINED BY MAN: 25,447-FT. MOUNT KAMET—FROM THE GHASTOLI GLACIER—WHICH WAS SCALED BY THE MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION, LED BY MR. F. S. SMYTHE, ON JUNE 21.

made from Camp V. "Nine previous expeditions have reconnoitred the approaches to Kamet, or attempted to climb it. In 1912 Mr. C. F. Meade reached a height of 23,500 feet, and in 1920 the late Dr. Kellas and Colonel H. T. Morshead reached approximately the same height. . . . In conquering Mount Kamet, 25,447 feet, the expedition led by Mr. F. S. Smythe has reached the highest summit attained by man, as Kamet is 1103 feet higher than the Jongsong Peak, scaled by the Dyhrenfurth Expedition last year. Kamet, situated in the Garhwal District of the United Provinces, is the second highest peak in the British Empire."



# THE SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODON IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS TWO MILLION YEARS AGO: MONSTERS IN A DEATH-TRAP.

"RECONSTRUCTION" DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MARGARET FLINCH, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR HENRY J. OSBORN, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. BY COURTESY OF MR. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 16.)



"STRUGGLING MADLY (THEY) SANK DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CLINGING MUD . . . MEMBERS OF A HERD, BEING ENGULFED IN A MUD-PIT BESIDE A LAKE IN

This dramatic reconstruction drawing illustrates a scene described by Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, leader of the Central Asiatic Expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History, in his article published on page 16 of this number. He tells there how the last expedition discovered, buried in the soil near what had been a great lake in Central Mongolia two million years ago, a chaotic pile of bones of shovel-tusked mastodons, one of the strangest types of prehistoric animals, the first traces of which were found there during the previous expedition of 1928. The newly-discovered pit has enormously increased scientific knowledge of this peculiar extinct species, for it contained remains of at least forty of the creatures, which had evidently all been drowned together. Picturing the disaster, of which we here see one phase, Mr. Andrews says that near the end of a small bay extending inland from the lake there must have

FORTY WE KNOW DIED IN THIS ONE SPOT": TWO HUGE SHOVEL-TUSKED MASTODONS. PREHISTORIC MONGOLIA. WHERE THEIR BONES WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

been a deep hole filled with soft, sticky mud, but probably covered with shallow water on which floated aquatic plants, the mastodon's favourite food. The place was, in fact, a death-trap. Visualising "a great shovel-tusker dredging up quantities of vegetation in his spoon-shaped jaw," Mr. Andrews continues: "Suddenly in the midst of his greedy feeding he found that he could not raise his feet. Struggling madly, he sank deeper and deeper into the clinging mud. . . . His body disappeared . . . Other mastodons came, some of them females with their young. Many of these were caught." Mr. Andrews writes to us: "You will find the animals in this restoration different from that in the other drawing Miss Flinch made [for our issue of February 2, 1929]. This is due to Professor Osborn's conclusion, after a more exhaustive study of the material, that the snout is not so much like that of the modern elephant."



NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST TEST MATCH IN ENGLAND:  
SCENES AT LORD'S.



THE "TAIL" SETTING UP A NEW TEST RECORD FOR AN EIGHTH-WICKET PARTNERSHIP:  
G. O. ALLEN, OF ENGLAND, WHILE SCORING HIS 122.



THE TOP SCORER IN BOTH THE NEW ZEALAND INNINGS: C. S. DEMPSTER, WHO SCORED 53 AND 120,  
IN ACTION.



THE "TAIL" SETTING UP A NEW TEST RECORD: AMES, OF ENGLAND, CAUGHT  
AT THE WICKET OFF WEIR AFTER HE HAD SCORED 137.



THE NEW ZEALAND CAPTAIN "CAUGHT HAMMOND, BOWLED  
ROBINS": T. C. LOWRY OUT FOR 1 IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



THE FIRST TEST MATCH PLAYED BY A NEW ZEALAND ELEVEN IN THIS COUNTRY: A GENERAL VIEW AT LORD'S—WITH ENGLAND IN THE FIELD.

The first Test Match played by a New Zealand XI. in this country began at Lord's on Saturday, June 27, and it need hardly be said that it attracted great crowds. New Zealand batted first, and at the end of the first day the scores were: New Zealand, 224; England, 190 for seven. England's first innings total was 454. Then the New Zealanders' batting, on the second day, yielded 161 for two wickets. It was during the completion of England's first innings, on the second day, that Ames and G. O. Allen, the "tail," put up unexpected scores: the former 137, the latter 122. This, of course, caused great excitement; for,

after all, Ames is regarded primarily as a wicket-keeper and Allen as a bowler, and it was certainly remarkable that they should set up a new Test record for an eighth-wicket partnership. The previous best was 243 by Clem Hill and Hartigan for Australia in 1907-08. It was on the second day, also, that, as recorded on another page, his Majesty the King visited Lord's, there to see some of the play and to shake hands with the players. On the third day New Zealand brought their second innings total to 469 for 9 and declared. England then made 146 for 5. The result, therefore, was a draw.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. ALOYSIUS HORN.

Author of "The Ivory Coast in the Earlies," "Harold the Webbed," and "Waters of Africa." A pioneer African trader. Died, June 26. He believed he was born about 1853. He sailed to the West Coast of Africa in 1871, becoming a trader in ivory and rubber, and obtaining intimate knowledge of the negroes there.



MR. JOHN BAILEY.

Distinguished literary critic, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Trust since 1923. Died, June 29; aged sixty-seven. Wrote for the "Times"; was twice editor of the "Quarterly Review."



DR. FRIEDRICH STHAMER.

The German Ambassador in London, 1920-30. Formerly, Chargé d'Affaires. Died, June 30; aged seventy-five. Member of Hamburg Parliament, 1900; Senator of Hamburg, 1904; Burgomaster of Hamburg, 1920.



SIR HUGH BELL.

Died, June 29; aged eighty-seven. Great ironmaster and a notable figure in the industrial and public life of the North of England—particularly, at first, on Teesside, and later in Durham and Yorkshire. Father of Gertrude Bell, the traveller and archaeologist. Began his business career in 1862. A Director of Dorman, Long and Co., and of the London and North-Eastern Railway.



AMES—OF THE ENGLAND XI.

Wicket-keeper (Kent) of the England Eleven which met New Zealand in the Test Match at Lord's. Partnered by G. O. Allen (also of the English "tail"), scored 137 on Monday, June 29, and thus helped to secure England's position—up till then very doubtful.



G. O. ALLEN—OF THE ENGLAND XI.

Fast bowler (Middlesex) in the England Test Match team. Went in with Ames on June 29 and made 122. Thus Ames and he set up a new Test record for an eighth-wicket partnership. Photographs illustrating this remarkable match will be found opposite.



THE AMERICAN ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIERS: MESSRS. WILEY POST AND HAROLD GATTY (RIGHT).

Mr. Wiley Post, the Oklahoma Indian, and Mr. Harold Gatty, an Australian, left New York on June 23 to fly round the world. A prize of £4000 has been offered for the first flight round the world in ten days. They flew the Atlantic in about the same time as Alcock and Brown.



DANISH FLIERS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND TO COPENHAGEN: CAPT. HØEJRIIS (RIGHT) AND LIEUT. HILLIG.

Capt. Holgar Høejris and Lieut. Otto Hillig left Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, early on June 24 in an attempt to fly to Copenhagen. They were driven south, however, and lost their way over Spain and Portugal. Eventually, they landed at 5.30 on June 25 at Crefeld-Bochum Aerodrome (Rhineland), having been in the air 32 hours.



LONDON-WARSZAWA FOLLOWED BY LONDON-KARACHI: CAPT. NEVILLE STACK AND MR. J. R. CHAPLIN (RIGHT).

Capt. Neville Stack and Mr. J. R. Chaplin arrived at Croydon at 9.45 p.m. on June 24, having flown from London to Warsaw and back (about 2000 miles) in 15½ hours in an all-British machine. On June 29, they left Lympne on an attempt to fly to Karachi and back in six days.



THE LIBERAL CRISIS: SIR JOHN SIMON, WHO HAS RESIGNED FROM THE PARTY.

Sir John Simon has resigned from the Parliamentary Liberal Party, with Sir R. Hutchison and Mr. Ernest Brown. Sir John's letter to the Liberal Chief Whip (dated June 26) spoke of "a lower depth of humiliation" of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons "than any into which it has yet been led."



M. NICHOLAS BUKHARIN IN LONDON (RIGHT): RUSSIANS AT THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE CONGRESS.

The three Russian delegates to the International History of Science and Technology Congress are (left to right) Professor Vavilov, a botanist; Professor A. F. Joffe, a physicist; and M. Nicholas Bukharin, President of the Russian Academy of Science and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.



THE LIBERAL CRISIS: MR. ERNEST BROWN, WHO HAS RESIGNED FROM THE PARTY.

Mr. Ernest Brown has resigned (with Sir John Simon and Sir R. Hutchison) from the Parliamentary Liberal Party. His letter to the Liberal Chief Whip (dated June 25) opened with the words: "After the deplorable humiliations to which the Liberal Party has been subjected in the recent weeks—"



## MARINE AND ROYAL OCCASIONS.

3

## PAGEANTRY IN WALES AND KENT.



FIRE ON BOARD A BRITISH LINER: THE 19,000-TON MOTOR-SHIP "BERMUDA" BURNING AT HAMILTON WHARF, BERMUDA, WHERE SHE WAS PARTLY SUBMERGED TO SAVE THE OIL-TANKS.

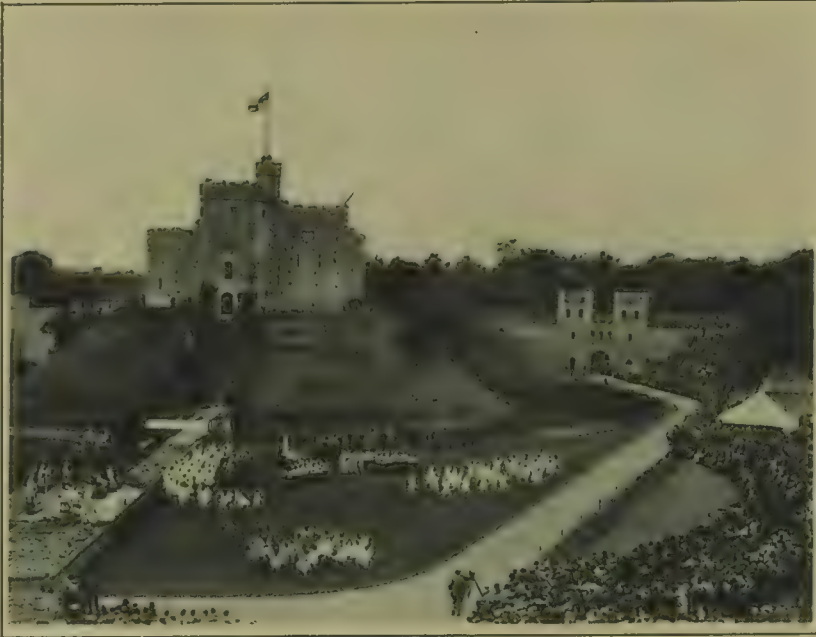


THE CROWN PRINCESS OF BELGIUM ON HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE: PRINCESS ASTRID WITH HER LITTLE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS JOSEPHINE (TOGETHER ON LEFT), ON THE PLAGE AT OSTEND.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING THE "SILVER WOLF" (HIGHEST AWARD OF SCOUTING) TO COL. C. J. JOHNSTON, COMMISSIONER OF MORAY: AN INCIDENT OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO INVERNESS.

The 19,000-ton motor-ship "Bermuda," of the Furness Line's New York-Bermuda service, was seriously damaged by fire in harbour at Hamilton, Bermuda, on June 17. She was partly submerged to prevent the flames reaching her oil-tanks. It was reported that the fire began in a lift shaft, and that two men lost their lives—a ship's barber and a fireman.—Princess Astrid, Duchess of Brabant, has recently been spending a holiday at Ostend. As Princess Astrid of Sweden, she married in 1926 the Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne. Their daughter, Princess Josephine, was born in 1927, and their son, Prince Baudouin (Baldwin), last year.—The Prince of Wales on June 26 visited Inverness, where he received the Freedom of the Burgh, and addressed the Conference of the British Legion. He also opened the new headquarters of the Inverness-shire Boy Scouts, the Lady Maud Lawson Memorial Hall, inspected the Scouts Guard of Honour, and presented Col. C. J. Johnston with the "Silver Wolf," the highest award.



HISTORICAL PAGEANTRY IN THE GROUNDS OF CARDIFF CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING A PICTURESQUE DANCING EPISODE.



A NORMAN WEDDING IN THE CARDIFF PAGEANT: ROBERT EARL OF GLOUCESTER (VISCOUNT POLLINGTON) AND HIS BRIDE (VISCOUNTESS TIVERTON)—WITH LADY BUTE (IN DARK DRESS ON STEPS) IN THE PROCESSION.



PAGEANTRY FROM "HENRY VIII." AT KNOLE PARK, THE HISTORIC HOME OF LORD AND LADY SACKVILLE, NEAR SEVENOAKS: A SCENE PRESENTED IN THE STONE COURT—THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE.

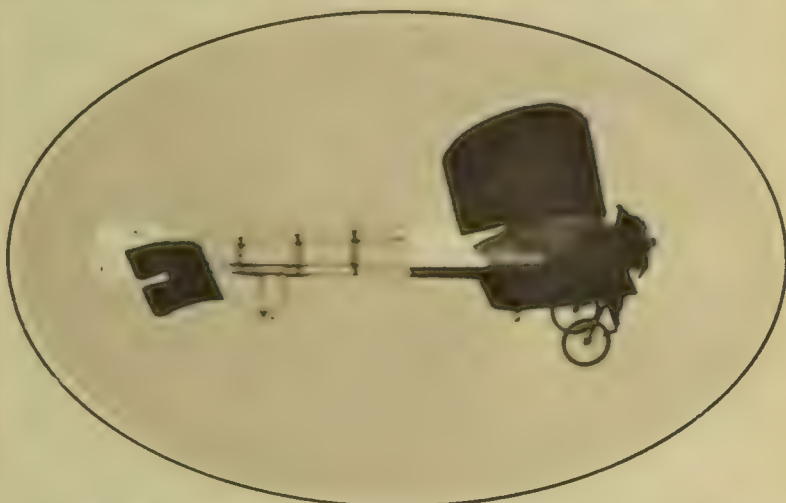
Many well-known Welsh families took part in a historical pageant held, on June 24 and 25, in the grounds of Cardiff Castle, the seat of the Marquess of Bute. It was initiated by members of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire in aid of the Students' War Memorial Union. The Marchioness of Bute herself took part in the proceedings, and is seen in the Norman wedding procession illustrated above in the central photograph. Viscountess Tiverton was the bride, and Viscount Pollington, son of the Earl of Mexborough, was the bridegroom. Robert Earl of Gloucester. The Hon. Evan Morgan appeared as Henry II., and (in another episode) Captain Geoffrey Crawshaw as the Emperor Constantine. The crowd scenes included 600 Cardiff college students.—July 1 was the date fixed for another pageant, representing scenes from "Henry VIII." at Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, the Kentish home of Lord and Lady Sackville, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society.



# THE FINEST AIR FORCE DISPLAY EVER HELD: EVENTS AT HENDON.



"FREAK" MACHINES, OR (OFFICIALLY) "RESEARCH AIRCRAFT": THE CIEBRA "AUTOGYRO" (LEFT) WITH ITS "WINDMILL" EFFECT; AND THE BAT-LIKE, TAIL-LESS WESTLAND "PTERODACTYL."



AN ECHO OF A HISTORIC PIONEER FLIGHT: A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS MONOPLANE IN WHICH M. LOUIS BLÉRIOT MADE THE FIRST CHANNEL CROSSING BY AIR, ON JULY 19, 1909.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR EVENTS IN THE R.A.F. DISPLAY: SIX PARACHUTISTS DESCENDING SIMULTANEOUSLY (TWO APIECE FROM THREE VICKERS VIMY MACHINES), HERE SEEN BEING "PULLED OFF" BY THE OPENING PARACHUTES.



A SPECTACULAR EXHIBITION OF "AEROBATICS WITH SMOKE": THREE AEROPLANES (GLOSTER GREBES) LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE TRAILS OF COLOURED SMOKE FORMING ENORMOUS LOOP PATTERNS.



"BIG-GAME HUNTING" IN THE AIR: SHOOTING A FLYING MONSTER FROM A FAIREY MACHINE.



THE DRAMATIC "SET PIECE" OF THE R.A.F. PAGEANT: THE DESTRUCTION, BY DAY BOMBERS, OF AN "ENEMY" LONG-RANGE GUN POSITION CONCEALED AMONG DESERTED FARM-BUILDINGS AND A SMALL WOOD.

The Royal Air Force Display, carried out in perfect weather at Hendon on June 27, was generally acknowledged to have been the finest of the twelve Displays so far held, and it attracted an enormous crowd of spectators—about 175,000 within the aerodrome, besides thousands more outside. It was attended by the Duke of Gloucester, who flew from Tidworth to Stag Lane Aerodrome, and thence went on by car. The Display was memorable for faultless organisation, high efficiency in the various events, and the absence of any mishap. Excellent work was done by the Auxiliary or Territorial squadrons, as well as by the regular Air Force. One of the most popular items was that of the parachute descents. "The parachutists"

(says the programme) "stand on the wings of the aeroplane, and at a given signal pull the release handle. After the parachute has opened the parachutist is 'pulled off' the aircraft." The balloon-bursting event is thus explained: "A number of fierce animals, inhabiting a local Zoo, have broken loose and taken to the air. An aeroplane is despatched to shoot them down. The pilot flies close to the dangerous animals, while his passenger, a big-game shot, attacks them with a 12-bore shot-gun." The last photograph (lower right) shows the set piece, which represented an "enemy" long-range gun position, hidden among farm buildings and a small wood, being destroyed by bombing from the air.



# THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

## VI.—THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

THE division of London municipal administration between the L.C.C., the City of London, and the Metropolitan Borough Councils is based on the principle that the central authority should be responsible for large duties common to the whole area—e.g., Fire Brigade, parks and open spaces, main drainage, education, etc. The idea is to leave to the local bodies (the boroughs) those things which can be best administered locally. Street improvements of more than local importance, termed "county improvements," are generally carried out by the L.C.C. It is the practice of the Council to acquire the whole of any property of which any part is required for purposes of the scheme, and by letting or selling the surplus land a considerable part of the gross cost is recovered. This process is termed "recoupment." This system has paid the cost of the Kingsway (Holborn to Strand) improvement.

A second method of ensuring that owners of property, the value of which is likely to be substantially and permanently enhanced as the result of an improvement, shall contribute towards the cost is known as "betterment." Provision is made for the levying of a special charge upon such property, the basis of calculation being 3 per cent. per annum upon half the enhanced value.

No charge is made until the enhanced value has accrued. The principle of "betterment" was conceded by Parliament for the first time in London in the Tower Bridge (Southern Approach) Act, 1895. Although in practice this procedure was found cumbersome, and has not been applied in the case of London improvements since 1902, it is the real answer to Mr. Snowden's Land Valuation clauses. The cost of local improvements is borne by the Metropolitan Borough Councils, the London County Council frequently contributing.

The 1928 Act gave relief to agricultural, industrial, and freight transport undertakings—by de-rating. The 1929 Act set up a new system of Exchequer grants. The de-rating provisions produced a loss in rates over the whole country of a sum estimated at £24,000,000. That loss was made up by the Exchequer; but each local government area does not receive the exact amount of the sum lost to it by de-rating. The money is pooled with other Exchequer grants, and distributed in accordance with the needs and not with the expenditure of the local authorities. The whole system is very complicated. The general effect is that the wealthier districts are penalised and the poorer districts are helped. The result has been to cause a dislocation in local rating and to make any comparison of this year's rates with previous years practically impossible. Of course, the taxpayer and the ratepayer are one and the same person, and the effect of these two Acts has been to penalise the better-class citizen for the benefit of the poorer districts.

It is very necessary that the middle-class man should watch this confusion of rates and taxes, and that he should realise the fact that, under the flat system, his rates are concealed in his rent. Anything that sends up rates is bound to increase rents. In some of the poor parishes in East and South-East London, the rates have amounted to more than the rack rent, rising as high as 23s. in the £ of rental. In the well-managed borough, the rates amount to 10s. in the £, or an addition of 50 per cent. to the rent, a fact which every man in buying or leasing a house should not omit from his calculations. Of

namely, what used to be called the working classes, but which I prefer to designate as the manual operatives. It would be different if all classes sent their sons to the same schools, as they do in America. I read an American novel the other day, in which the millionaire, after his grand ball, got hold of the band conductor to smoke a cigar and talk over their school days. That sort of thing would be impossible in this country. Unless our social habits are completely Americanised, the middle classes will not send their children to the county council schools, though they may avail themselves of State-provided technical and

secondary instruction. As things stand, the over-taxed clerical and professional classes have to pay for the education of their boys and girls, and at the same time to pay in rates and taxes for the education of the children of artisans whose wages range from £3 to £10 a week. The wages of a skilled compositor on a daily newspaper run from £7 to £10 a week. How many clergymen and clerks get less? I cannot see why the manual workers should not pay at least half of their school bills. No doubt the cost per child in the national schools is too high, and the salaries of the teachers will have to be reduced. It may be said that there is nothing to prevent the

middle class from sending their children to the county council schools. There is nothing except an inherited traditional sense of class distinction, which will take a good deal of killing. In certain places I understand that many more social grades than formerly do avail themselves of the county council schools.

The administration of the Poor Law, which has just been taken away from the Boards of Guardians, who are abolished, and handed over to public assistance committees of the borough and county councils, will be much improved. Indeed, wonderful reductions in the poor rates have already been effected. Under the reign of Socialism, which we have enjoyed since the war from both parties, the Poor Law relief and the dole have been mixed up, many persons drawing both, to the enormous cost of the taxpayer. What was called "Populism," was the indiscriminate payment of relief out of the rates by the guardians to individuals who voted for them. That, at any rate, has been stopped.

Party bias apart, it is now an established fact that Socialist politics and extravagant expenditure are man and wife. Look at the rates in those boroughs where there is a Socialist majority. Consider, finally, that London is the capital of the Empire, containing the royal palaces, the banks, the museums and picture galleries, the cathedrals, and the Houses of Parliament. What

would happen if the local government of London should fall into the hands of the Socialists, allied with Communists and Bolsheviks? The bare possibility makes it an imperative duty to lay aside apathy, and vote in the November elections of London County Councillors.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT WIMBLEDON: THEIR MAJESTIES—EACH WEARING SMOKED GLASSES AGAINST THE GLARE OF THE SUN—HONOURING THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE ALL-ENGLAND CLUB.

this 10s. in the £ on your rate note, if you will look at the back of it, you will find that, in round figures, 8s. is the rate levied by the London County Council, and 2s. is the rate demanded by the Borough Council.



THE KING AT LORD'S DURING THE FIRST TEST MATCH A NEW ZEALAND ELEVEN HAS PLAYED IN THIS COUNTRY: HIS MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

His Majesty the King visited Lord's on June 29, to see something of the second day's play in the Test Match between England and New Zealand. He received a great welcome when he took his seat on the Committee balcony and another when he shook hands with the rival teams.

The biggest items in the L.C.C. demand are for education and public assistance, i.e., parish relief to the poor. There can be no doubt that far too much is spent on primary and national schools, seeing that it provides gratuitous schooling for one class only,



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



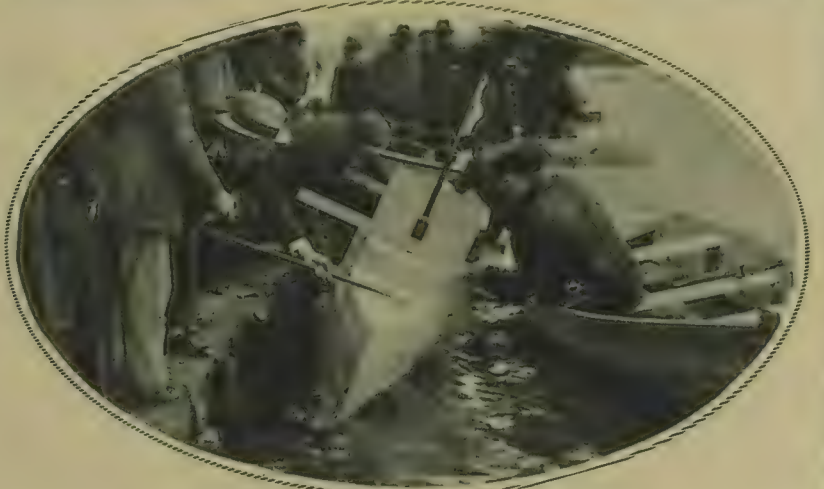
VICTIM OF A DISASTROUS FIRE AT FRANCE'S "WEMBLEY": THE ELABORATE NETHERLANDS PAVILION AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION AT VINCENNES BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION ON SUNDAY, JUNE 28.

The Netherlands Pavilion, one of the most elaborate examples of exotic architecture to be seen at the French Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, was razed by fire early on the morning of June 28.



THE BURNING OF THE NETHERLANDS PAVILION AT THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION: THE RUINS OF THE BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE, WHICH DID DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT £120,000.

The loss occasioned is provisionally estimated at £120,000; for, apart from the building itself, very fine collections of native jewellery and rare fabrics and of paintings and sculptures were destroyed.



SEEKING TO MAKE AN UNSINKABLE BOAT: TESTING THE MODEL, WHICH COULD NOT BE SUBMERGED AFTER MANY HOLES HAD BEEN PIERCED IN IT.

In connection with the first of these two photographs, it may be noted that a "Times" correspondent described in the following words the successful experiments made at Vichy with the model unsinkable boat invented by M. Joseph Chartrain: "The tests began with the piercing in the sides of the model of holes which, in proportion to its size, were larger than would have been made in a full-sized vessel by the largest shells in use to-day. The model sank about an inch lower in the water, and thereafter maintained the same draught, resisting all attempts



DESIGNED TO DRY WICKETS SPEEDILY AND MAKE PLAY PRACTICABLE AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT: A MECHANICAL WIND-PROVIDER TESTED AT LORD'S CRICKET GROUND.

to sink it. Three men stood on the model, forcing its decks awash, but when they got off it rose to its former level, and the water poured out by the way it had entered. Finally the model was made to list heavily by being weighted with lead, but as soon as the weights were removed, it returned to an even keel. The principle of the invention has not yet been disclosed." The second of the photographs shows a new drying machine recently tested at Lord's Cricket Ground. The device is electrically driven and creates a strong current of air which is directed on to the pitch.



THE FRENCH PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE GREAT WAR: THE STATUE OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD HAIG UNVEILED IN THE GRANDE PLACE, MONTREUIL-SUR-MER, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 28.

There was unveiled in the Grande Place at Montreuil-sur-Mer on June 28 an equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Lord Haig, erected by desire of the people of Montreuil, and by means of public subscription in France. In the Château de Beaufort, some two miles from Montreuil, Lord Haig had his headquarters from February 1916, until April 1919. The ceremony was performed

by M. Maginot, the French War Minister, and the occasion was one for the expression of much sympathy between Great Britain and France. Amongst those who attended were Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador in France, representing the King; Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Jellicoe, representing the Prince of Wales; and Lady Haig. The statue is by M. Landowski.



## THE LAST EIGHTS AT WIMBLEDON:



FRÄULEIN CILLY AUSSEM (GERMANY).



MILE. L. PAYOT (SWITZERLAND).

## THE LADIES OF THE SINGLES.



MME. MATHIEU (FRANCE).



MISS M. C. SCRIVEN (GREAT BRITAIN).



MISS D. E. ROUND (GREAT BRITAIN).



FRÄULEIN H. KRAHWINKEL (GERMANY).



MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.).



MISS BETTY NUTHALL (GREAT BRITAIN).

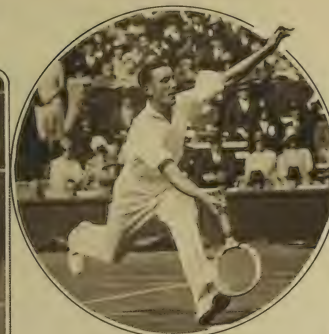
In the matches which won them their positions as the Great Eight of the Ladies' Singles Championship at Wimbledon, Fräulein Aussem beat Mile. A. Neufeld (France) 6-0, 6-2; Mile. L. Payot beat Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (Great Britain) 6-2, 6-2; Mme. Mathieu beat Mrs. J. van Ryn (U.S.A.) 6-4, 6-3; Miss M. C. Scriven beat Miss J. C. Ridley (Great Britain) 6-1, 6-4; Miss

D. E. Round beat Miss S. K. Johnson (Great Britain) 6-0, 6-1; Fräulein Krahwinkel beat Miss G. R. Sterry (Great Britain) 8-6, 6-0; Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.) beat Mrs. L. A. Godfree (Great Britain) 6-2, 6-1; and Miss Betty Nuthall beat Mrs. L. A. Haiper (U.S.A.) 6-4, 6-2. Three British players in the last eight of the Ladies' Singles was a better state of affairs than is usual.

## THE LAST EIGHTS AT WIMBLEDON:



S. B. WOOD (U.S.A.).



F. J. PERRY (GREAT BRITAIN).



J. SATOH (JAPAN).



G. P. HUGHES (GREAT BRITAIN).



F. X. SHIELDS (U.S.A.).



H. W. AUSTIN (GREAT BRITAIN).



J. VAN RYN (U.S.A.).



J. BOROTRA (FRANCE).

The last eight of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon gained their enviable position in the following manner. Mr. S. B. Wood beat Mr. C. E. Maltroy (New Zealand); Mr. F. J. Perry beat Herr G. von Cramm (Germany); Mr. J. Satoh beat Mr. H. C. N. Lee (Great Britain); Mr. G. P. Hughes beat Mr. N. Sharpe (Great Britain); Mr. F. X. Shields beat Mr. J. S. Olliff (Great Britain); Mr. H. W. Austin beat

Mr. I. G. Collins (Great Britain); Mr. J. van Ryn beat M. C. Boususs (France); and Mr. J. Borotra beat Herr H. W. Arrens (Austria). It will be remarked that three British players figured in the last eight—more than for years past. For the rest, it may be added that the 1930 Singles champion was W. T. Tilden, who is now a professional. The 1930 Ladies' Singles champion was Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody.



# "ALMOST MORE HAPPINESS THAN ONE MAN CAN BEAR."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ALBERT EINSTEIN": By ANTON REISER. With a Foreword by EINSTEIN.\*

(PUBLISHED BY THORNTON BUTTERWORTH.)

ALBERT EINSTEIN was born at Ulm on March 14, 1879. A year later his parents moved to Munich, where "in a rented house, removed from the brilliance and renown of the centre of the city, the boy spent the next few years." The Einsteins were Jews and lived in a "certain seclusion." Hermann Einstein, the father of the great scientist, was a merchant who conducted an electrical business; he had a sanguine, happy temperament; but he was a Freethinker, and "proud that Jewish rites were not practised in his house." His son, however, very early gave signs of possessing a religious nature. He "grieved over the fact that the Jewish dietary laws were neglected. For him they were holy commandments which must not be ridiculed or despised. In his own way, he sought to give his religious temper expression. He wrote and set to music brief songs in praise of God and sang them in his home and on the street. He identified God with Nature."

In most respects he does not seem to have been precocious. He learned to talk only after great difficulty, and his governess used to call him "Pater Langweil"—"Father Bore." It is recorded, however, that when, at the age of four, his father demonstrated to him the mystery of the electric needle, the boy "trembled and grew cold."

The elementary school to which he was sent when six years old did not suit him. Its tone was brutal and there were outbursts of anti-Semitism. Rich and poor alike attended the school, but the rich children, having pleasant homes to return to, suffered less than the others from the harshness of their teachers. This object lesson in social inequalities made a deep impression on Einstein. Moreover (a great drawback at school), he loved solitude and hated excessive physical activity. "Activity should be the result of a personal decision, of free creative emotions, making demands on itself, not compulsion, not submission before authority!"

Not till he was thirteen or fourteen did he find a teacher "whose friendship was a spiritual experience." Ruess, who taught Latin, Greek, and German, awakened in Einstein "a love for the classical spirit in art that never failed him." A lecture on Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" was to him "the revelation of a new world, which, for loveliness and wonder, could be compared only to Nature."

When he was twelve he made his first studies in geometry. It was not a subject included in the school curriculum; he had to teach it himself, with a little help from his uncle. The uncle gave him the statement of the theorem of Pythagoras—the statement without the proof. Einstein, who then had no knowledge whatever of geometry, was able to work out the proof for himself. "He experienced great aesthetic pleasure" (we are told) "at the thought that the world could be built up by conceptions—products of human understanding."

Music began to play an increasingly important part in his life. "His love for music grew with his love for mathematics and his religious devotion to the wonders of nature. During the years of his physical and spiritual adolescence, the classical music of Germany opened for him a world which, descending from metaphysical heights, sounded the profoundest mysteries of the human soul."

Einstein was only fifteen when his parents, from motives of economy, left Munich and went to live in Milan; but the lines on which his character and

his intellectual interests were to develop were already laid down, nor has he departed from them to any considerable extent.

He adored Milan, and enjoyed nearly a year of "beautiful spiritual anarchy" there. But, his father's financial affairs becoming yet more embarrassed, he decided he must leave. He failed to pass the entrance examination of the Polytechnic Academy at Zurich,

reluctance of the Zurich city fathers to grant him Swiss citizenship. This was at last overcome, and in 1902 he was given a post in the Patent Office at Bern. The next year he married a Serbian lady, a fellow student, Mileva Maric; in 1904 his first son was born.

Scarcely was he settled in life, when he "made the revolutionary discovery that the traditional conception of the absolute character of simultaneity was a mere prejudice, and that the velocity of light was independent of the motion of co-ordinate systems. Only five weeks elapsed between this discovery and the first formulation of the special theory of relativity in the treatise entitled 'Towards the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies' (published in 1905)." In recognition of this and other treatises, Einstein received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Zurich University; in 1909 he was made Professor of Philosophy there.

It took him ten years to develop the principles of the Theory of Relativity. The work went forward slowly, "always interrupted by disappointments, errors, and new experimentation," until its completion in 1915.

By 1915 he had already been a year at the University of Berlin—a post which carried with it few duties and ample leisure. Einstein dislikes lecturing; still more does he dislike "public contention in the field of science. He suspects the superfluity of contention as an approach to truth, which needs no help."

So, although in one sense his life in Berlin was ideal, he suffered a good deal during his first years there, for they were the years of the war. "In a world of national egoism and passions, Einstein felt very much alone. . . . He is a pacifist to the depths of his soul." His pacifism proceeds "not out of party affiliation or dogma but out of his innermost nature. Through humility and human love he ardently desires the conquest of all violence in the lives of men. The greater our brotherly love, the more susceptible the human heart to the need and suffering of the individual and the masses, the more creative is the human mind in all its divisions."

More than once Einstein has found his placid and unrancorous temperament a blessing. The Theory of Relativity met with a good deal of opposition, especially in Germany. One of his opponents, at a scientific convention, went so far as to refuse to shake hands with him; and in 1922 a "group of physicists, mathematicians, and philosophers expressed in the Press their regret as to the misleading of public opinion, to which the theory of relativity is offered as

a solution of the riddle of the universe, and which is kept in ignorance of the fact that many highly respected scholars in the three above-mentioned subjects not only consider the theory of relativity a hypothesis without proof, but even deny it as a fundamentally erroneous and logically untenable fiction."

But Einstein, Herr Reiser tells us, "cannot be angry with anybody. He has a sympathetic understanding for everything and a hearty laugh. He finds a too-obtrusive friendship much more unbearable than hostility. He dislikes the noisy and distasteful worship which endeavours to turn the personality of the scientist and his discoveries into a sensation. Nothing is more distasteful to him than that the public busies itself with his private life. Members of his family must carefully keep from him all newspapers which contain articles about him or pictures of him. If, accidentally, such a sheet does fall into his hands, he throws it away infuriated, or looks at his picture with a laugh, and says: 'Bah! What a nasty, fat fellow.'"

[Continued on page 44.]

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

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went to Aarau and studied, then returned to Zurich and was admitted a student of the Technical Academy—an institution which had a great reputation in the scientific world. He did not find its atmosphere sympathetic; there was little intellectual freedom, and, though he was obliged to submit to some extent to the discipline of the place, he read omnivorously and partly to please himself. "The four years' course of study in no way turned him into a blind, uncritical adherent of science. On the contrary, his faith in the absolute authority of scientific knowledge had become decidedly shaky. He had been taught scientific activity, unmitigated specialisation, the sober craft of research and learning, and all these did nothing but increase his scepticism. Rarely does the exactness of research succeed in approaching the arcanum of life and of things."

In 1900, when he had successfully passed the State Examination at the Zurich Academy, his chances of supporting himself by teaching seemed decidedly brighter, but there remained one obstacle—the strange

\* "Albert Einstein." A Biographical Portrait. By Anton Reiser. With a Foreword by Albert Einstein. (Thornton Butterworth; 8s. 6d.)



# THE PROPHET OF RELATIVITY AND OF AN EXPANDING UNIVERSE.

FROM THE ETCHING BY PROFESSOR JOHN PHILIPP, LENT BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE SUBJECT OF TWO NEW BOOKS—ONE OF THEM EULOGISTIC, THE OTHER CRITICAL: PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN, THE GREAT GERMAN MATHEMATICIAN, WHO HAS REVOLUTIONISED THE MODERN THEORY OF PHYSICS.

Professor Einstein and his view of the Universe have been much discussed of late, since he lectured on "The Theory of Relativity" at Oxford, where he received an honorary degree. His work is also the subject of two new books, one eulogistic, and the other (forthcoming) of a critical character. The former is Herr Anton Reiser's "Albert Einstein," reviewed on the opposite page. The other volume, expected in the autumn, is "The Case Against Einstein," by Dr. Arthur Lynch, to be published by Mr. Philip Allan. It is described as being written in popular style, but containing an appendix on the disputed mathematical problems. The author, it is said, maintains that Professor Einstein's ideas are

not original, but can be traced to Descartes and other previous thinkers. Discussing Professor Einstein's place in the history of science, a writer in the "Times" said recently: "There is a general consensus of opinion that he must be classed only with the very greatest, with Newton himself. . . . The Theory of Relativity contains the most thorough revision of physical concepts since the days of Newton, and in all its stages Professor Einstein has taken a leading part. . . . (He) is not primarily an experimental physicist, but a mathematician. (His) genius consists in taking up uninterpreted experiments and scattered suggestions of his predecessors, and welding them into a comprehensive scheme."





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CHINESE CARVED LACQUER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

as early as the eighth century. It is amusing to read that, even in fourteenth-century China, collectors had to be on their guard against the wiles of the imitator. Thus: "Many of the noble families of Nanking have real specimens in their houses. There is one kind in which the lacquer is entirely cinnabar red; another kind in which black is used in combination with red. Good

of cloth or silk, was painted coat after coat of lacquer until the required thickness was obtained, and only then could the carver commence his work. It is just this point which makes Chinese carved lacquer so remarkable, for one can readily appreciate the niceness of touch necessary to penetrate only so far and no further, and to carry out the most delicate little diaper patterns on the background without spoiling the effect of the whole. At the same time there is nothing niggling about the designs, which are full of life and movement.

The red of the lacquer, ranging from a sealing-wax tone to a dull claret, is obtained from cinnabar; and other colours to be found are deep green and olive green, buff, brown, and black. Pieces which are carved in more than one colour exhibit an even more remarkable technique, for if, for example, it was decided beforehand that certain fruits or waves or clouds were to appear green, this layer of green would have to be laid on first and covered with the red, and then the artist would have to cut down through the red to expose the green.

The fourteenth-century author referred to above says that "imitations of carved red lacquer are made by working the design in relief with a kind of putty and simply lacquering it over with a coat of cinnabar lac." Another type of imitation consists of carved wood heavily coated with lacquer. Colonel Strange recommends a slight cut with a knife



1. THE LID OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED RED LACQUER BOX: TWO FIVE-CLAWED DRAGONS AMONG WAVES SURROUNDING AND GUARDING THE SACRED JEWEL.

(Length, 8 in.; width, 6½ in.; Kien Lung: 1736-1795.)

specimens are very valuable, but there are many later imitations, and great care is required to distinguish them."

Here are four fine examples of carved red lacquer, all dated, and ranging from the beginning of the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Their deep-red colour has to be imagined in the reproduction, but the intricacies of their design show up sufficiently well. What did it involve, all this deep-cut, meticulously exact carving?—for lac is not a warm liquid that can be moulded or shaped as a silversmith handles his material, but a hard substance that has to be worked cold. It is the sap of a tree—*Rhus vernicifera*—which is indigenous to China, and seems to have been introduced to Japan not later than the sixth century. The sap is obtained by tapping, and anyone who cares to follow the process in detail will find in the Botanic Museum at Kew a complete collection of the materials used and an illustration of the gathering of the sap. On a foundation of wood, covered with a layer



3. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED LACQUER DISH: A MING DYNASTY PIECE WITH A DRAGON AND A PHOENIX—PERSONAL SYMBOLS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS—SURROUNDING AND GUARDING THE SACRED JEWEL; AND, BELOW THEM, ROCKS AND FORMALISED WAVES.

(Width, 10 in.; Dated Wan Li, 1573-1619.)



4. A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED LACQUER BOWL IN RED ON A GROUNDWORK OF BUFF LACQUER: A DESIGN OF HO-HO BIRDS—THE PERSONAL SYMBOL OF THE CHINESE EMPRESS—AMONG CLOUD FORMS AND LONGEVITY SYMBOLS.

(Diameter, 5 in.; height, 2½ in. Dated Chia-Ching, 1522-1566.)

in doubtful cases. A minor point, but of great interest if one wishes to understand something of the Chinese attitude, is the importance attached by native connoisseurs to calligraphy. I have before now pointed out on this page how an inscribed piece of porcelain was highly valued, first, because only an exceptionally fine example would be inscribed, and secondly, because fine writing was considered in itself not least among the accomplishments of an artist.

In the note on the Exhibition of Art Treasures of 1570, we find: "In our own Ming Dynasty the carved lacquer made in the reign of Yung Lo (1403-24), and that made in the reign of Hsuan Tê (1426-35), not only excelled in the cinnabar colouring and in the finished technique of the body, but also in the literary style of the inscriptions which were etched underneath the pieces. The inscription 'Made in the reign of Yung Lo of the Great Ming' was etched with a needle and filled in with black lac"—as on the base of Fig. 2. Flat lacquer, both Chinese and Japanese, and European seventeenth- and eighteenth-century imitations, is a totally different matter, and must be left for another occasion.

THE present aspect of China makes it a little difficult to remember that, when all Europe was covered by hordes of wandering barbarians, the Chinese were even then the heirs of an immensely ancient civilisation, and that their present troubles are scarcely more than a repetition of similar disasters suffered and overcome two thousand years ago. There were the same barbarities, the same bloodshed, the same struggle between rival factions, and through all this survived a culture and a mode of thought that made of this vast tract of land a political entity so extraordinary in its organisation, and so rich and varied in all the graces of civilisation, that one is tempted to dismiss it all as legend conceived in the fertile brain of a prince of romancers. We know a little of China's past, but her real history has yet to be written: probably no country in the world offers greater opportunities to the archaeologist, and a vast mass of manuscripts must still await the investigations of scholars. As it is, the spadework accomplished by one or two distinguished men is available, notably the researches of Sir Aurel Stein and Dr. Percival Yettis, and, of an older generation, the writings of Dr. Bushell. It is from the last-named's immensely important "Chinese Art" that is



2. THE LID OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BOX IN DEEP RED CARVED LACQUER: A MING PERIOD PIECE SHOWING A MALE FIGURE, ACCOMPANIED BY SERVANTS BEARING PRESENTS, WALKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE OF A PALACE.

(Diameter, 14½ inches; dated Yung Lo, 1403-1424.)

All Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Sons.

to be found a reference to a book dated 1575, in which is described a loan exhibition of art treasures held in the province of Kiangsu in the spring of 1570. The exhibits were contributed from the collections of four of the principal families of the province. But this is a comparatively modern instance of Chinese enthusiasm for art. Dr. Bushell also translates a much earlier work, published in the reign of Hung Wu, the founder of the Ming Dynasty, in the year 1387, and dealing with all sorts of literary and artistic antiquities—that is, before France was a nation and twenty-five years previous to the birth of Joan of Arc, a Chinese gentleman of great learning and refinement was quietly investigating the artistic past of his ancient country—and it is to his book that we owe our imperfect knowledge of very early Chinese lacquer. Yet, even so, there is still ample room for investigation.

Tsao Ch'ao, the author, takes us back to Sung times (960-1279), but there are in the treasury at Nara, in Japan, examples of lacquer which are unquestionably of Chinese origin, and were no less unquestionably placed there



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## OPERA AND BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE last of the *premieres* in the Italian season at Covent Garden was "La Bohème," the most popular, although not the most accomplished, of all Puccini's operas. This charming melodious work has always been a great favourite, and of course Mimi was one of the star parts of Melba, who did much to win wide popularity for "La Bohème" in Anglo-Saxon countries. Curiously enough, the Mimi of Mme. Norena in the present production had a certain affinity with Melba's. Mme. Norena has a voice of particularly clear crystalline quality and her intonation was exceptionally good. Joined with her was a first-rate cast including Gigli (Rodolfo), Mariano Stabile (Marcello), Autori (Colline), and Odette de Foras (Musetta). The performance was one of the finest, if not the finest, I have ever heard. In fact, the first act reached such an extraordinarily high level of ensemble singing and acting, with artists who were all individually of exceptional quality, that I can hardly conceive of a better performance. A great deal of the credit must be given to the conductor, Tullio Serafin. He is a fine musician, and his return to Covent Garden this season is a great acquisition.

The only criticism to be made is that Signor Gigli will not stick to his job as an artist, but will occasionally behave as a popular tenor. To mark the final cadence of an aria by throwing your arms open and inviting applause from the gallery is not necessary at Covent Garden, where the public can judge for itself and does not want the music interrupted and the whole atmosphere of a work spoilt by these childish gestures. Applause is due at the end of a scene when the curtain has fallen, not in the middle of it, and Signor Gigli is too good a singer to be afraid of being forgotten at the fall of the curtain. His colleagues, such as Stabile, Eide Norena, and Rosa Ponselle, do not indulge in these low-class antics, and it would add greatly to Signor Gigli's reputation and esteem with music-lovers if he abandoned them.

Next week Mme. Ida Rubinstein comes from Paris to give a season of music drama and ballet at Covent Garden. Some first productions of considerable interest are to be given, including d'Annunzio and Debussy's "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien," "David," and "La Princesse Cygne." These productions may, to some extent, be considered as a French season following the German and Italian seasons at Covent

Garden, and it is to be hoped they will be equally successful. For the Italian season now concluded the Covent Garden Syndicate is to be heartily congratulated. The revival of that superb work, "La Forza del Destino," and the outstanding performances of Rosa Ponselle in this opera and in "La Traviata," are among the most memorable impressions. With these we must mention the revival of "Falstaff," a masterpiece which the public has not yet had the chance of learning to appreciate adequately. It is to be hoped that Lieut.-Colonel Blois will continue to produce such works as Verdi's "Falstaff" and Mozart's "Magic Flute" regularly at Covent Garden, for they will continue to attract a larger and a reliable public long after some more popular operas have exhausted their interest.

W. J. TURNER.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "INQUEST" AT THE WINDMILL.

THERE are some to whom a verbatim report of a murder trial is more exciting than any fiction from a novelist's pen, and such will be doubly satisfied by this new play by a new author at a new theatre. The prologue may be dismissed as of no importance; it simply disclosed the fact that an inquest was to be held on the following morning, and that the evidence suggested that the deceased had been murdered by his wife. The interest of the play did not start until the rise of the curtain on the trial scene, and it says a good deal for the author's skill that it never ceased until the final fall of the curtain. Critics have been asked not to divulge the *dénouement*, and it may at once be said that the actual solving of the mystery is a very minor matter. What really matters is the air of naturalness about the whole affair. How effective, for example, is the Coroner's momentary amiability after he has returned from lunch! Almost one can scent the odour of the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding from the neighbouring hostelry. As the Coroner, Mr. Herbert Lomas gave a perfect performance. Here we had the fussiness, the cocksureness without stupidity, of a little provincial professional man suddenly finding himself in the limelight. The air with which he reproved the defending K.C.: "Remember you are not in London now," gave the man's whole character in a phrase. As the wife—the falsely-accused wife, it can surely be no breach of confidence to mention—Miss Mary

Glynne gave one of her best performances. It was a real acting part rather than one of those hysterical rôles in which she has too often appeared with her husband, Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry. The *dénouement* of this play will, I hazard, surprise the most experienced playgoer; but it is, I repeat, the uncanny verisimilitude of the trial scene which will give the greater pleasure.

### "LATE NIGHT FINAL," AT THE PHOENIX.

If we haven't anything quite so bad as the gutter Press of America, we have something pretty near it in this country, and it would be a good idea if the Institute of Journalists passed a resolution that its members should be sent along in batches to see this play. For the purpose of "boosting" its circulation, a scandal-sheet newspaper reprints the story of a twenty-year-old murder trial, in which a stenographer shot her employer, who had seduced her. Its human appeal, according to the proprietor who conceived the idea, lay in the fact that there are several millions of stenographers in the States, each one of whom might expect, at some time or the other, to be in a similar predicament. As it happens, the murderess is now a quietly happy married woman, and the disclosure of her past brings tragedy once again into her life. The parents of her daughter's fiancé insist on the marriage, which is due to take place on the morrow, being put off. The woman makes a despairing appeal over the telephone to the editor of the "tab" newspaper, but without effect. So she commits suicide, and her husband, in his misery, throws himself under a passing lorry. This is easily the best scene in the play, and it might have been as well if the curtain had fallen here. It is said that the Phoenix Theatre has been equipped with three revolving stages for the production of this play, and the ability to show four scenes simultaneously has, at any rate, the attraction of novelty, though it is doubtful if, dramatically speaking, it has any other virtue. Miss Louise Hampton's passionate plea to the editor would have been just as effective if we had not seen him listening, and giving instructions to the telephone-operator that if she rang up again she was not to be put through to him. Miss Louise Hampton gave a moving performance as the unhappy woman. Mr. Raymond Massey was grimly powerful as the editor who struggles, too successfully, against his better instincts; and Mr. Francis L. Sullivan was repulsively "oily" as the newspaper's tame parson.



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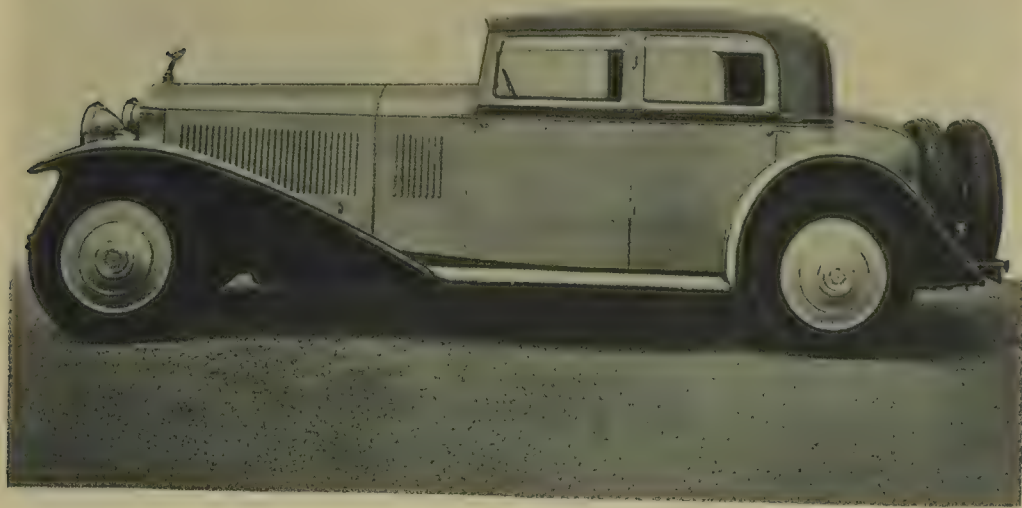
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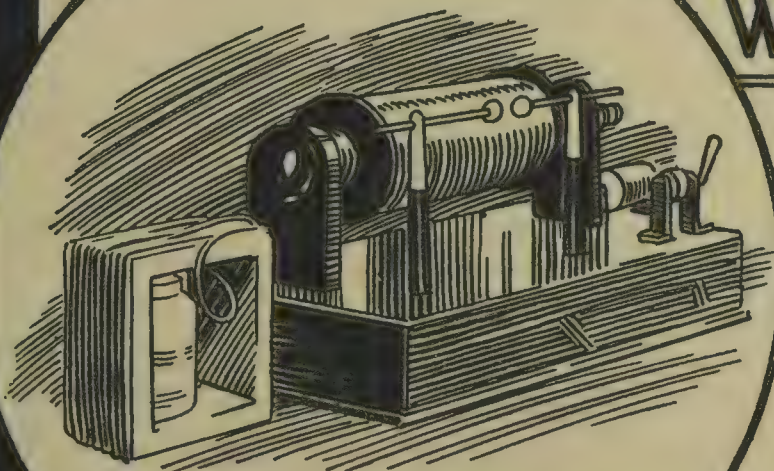
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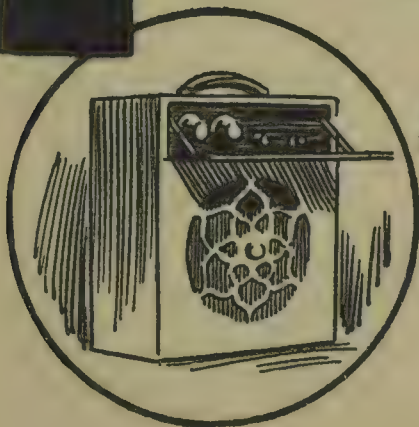
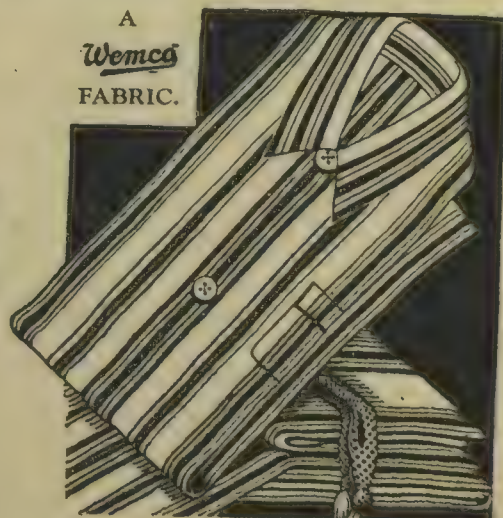
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## INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAY EQUIPMENT.

Sale Time  
in the Shops.

The July sales come at a most opportune moment, for the warm summer

weather appears to have set in, and light, cool frocks can be secured just now at bargain prices. At Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. there are wonderful offers. Models have been reduced to practically half-price,



WITH THE FASHIONABLE "LIFTED" BRIM: A BLACK PEDAL AND CRINOLINE STRAW WITH A CLUSTER OF GARDENIAS BENEATH THE BRIM. AT WOOLLANDS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

and a large collection of hats, formerly 3½ guineas, has been marked down to 59s. 6d. each, including the two attractive models photographed here. Knitted cardigan suits can be secured for 49s. 6d., and there is a limited quantity of sports jumpers offered at 10s. A catalogue can be obtained free on request.

A Sale of Household Linen. An opportunity of replenishing the linen-cupboard at bargain prices is offered by the present sale at Robinson and Cleaver's,

Regent Street, W. Sheets of Irish linen, single-bed size, are obtainable for 15s. 9d. a pair; and linen pillow-cases are half-price at 13s. 9d. each. There is also a 25 per cent. reduction on plain cotton sheets. Coloured linen bedspreads with openwork embroidery in the



A FAMOUS SCOTTISH REGIMENT IN THE UNIFORM OF 1796: "THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS" PAINTED ON A SCREEN, WITH THE PALACE OF HOLYROOD HOUSE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT IN THE BACKGROUND.

This interesting screen reproduces from an old painting the exact uniforms of that famous Scottish regiment, "The Royal Company of Archers," in the eighteenth century. It is by Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, W. Holyrood Palace is of particular interest just now, as their Majesties are holding a Drawing-Room there in the near future.

centre can be obtained in several colours at 12s. 6d. each single-bed size, and 16s. 6d. for a double bed. Other special bargains are hemmed Turkish-bath sheets at 5s. 11d. each. Frocks and overalls of Irish linen are correspondingly reduced. A catalogue illustrating many other bargains will be sent on request.

For the Clever  
Needlewoman.

The summer holidays demand an endless supply of light washing frocks.

Fortunately, modern dresses are so simple and "untrimmed" that the clever needlewoman can quickly make a complete holiday trousseau at very little cost. The attractive Courtauld artificial silk fabrics are ideal for this purpose. They wear extremely well, and are obtainable by the yard at



SHADING THE EYES BUT REVEALING THE FOREHEAD: A CHARMING SUMMER HAT FROM WOOLLANDS, CARRIED OUT IN BAKU STRAW TRIMMED WITH A BOW OF REVERSIBLE RIBBON.

all the leading stores, in charming designs and colourings. "San Toy" is a printed fabric which is supple and silky, and drapes perfectly. For children's frocks "Luvisca" is ideal. It washes indefinitely, and does not lose the clear colourings and silky surface in the process. In case of difficulty in obtaining these materials, application should be made to the manufacturers at 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C., for the name of the nearest agent.

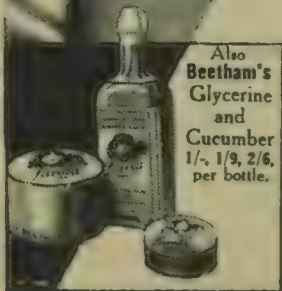
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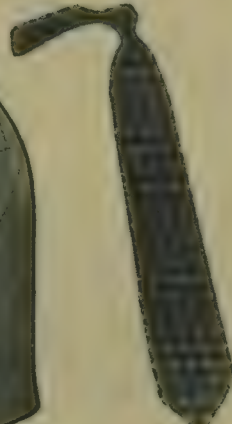
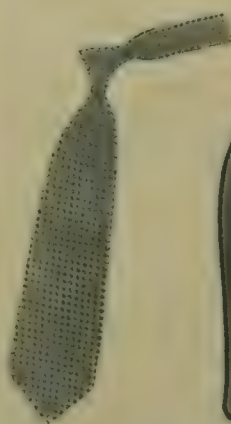


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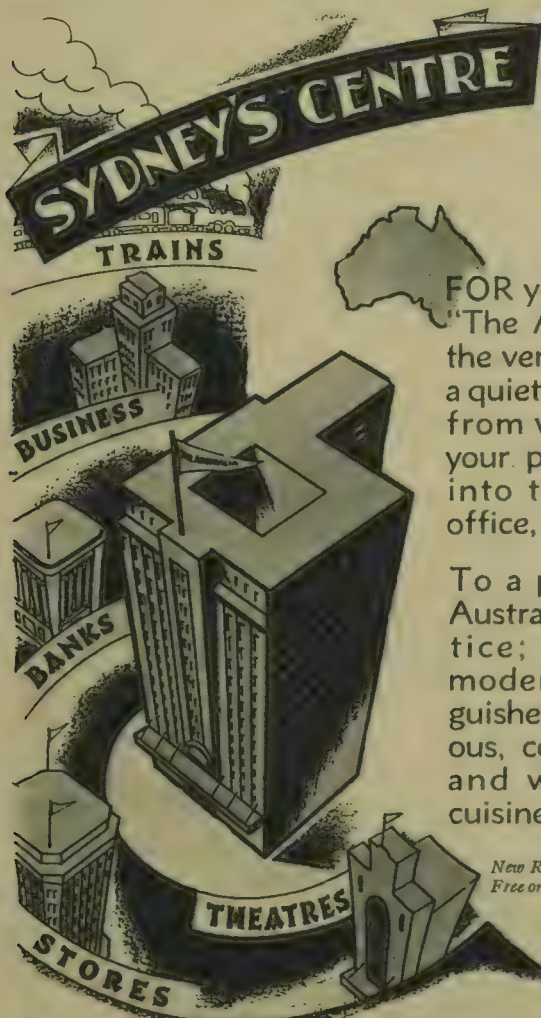
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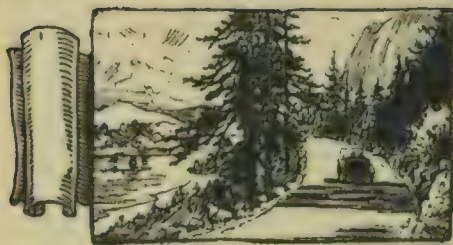
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

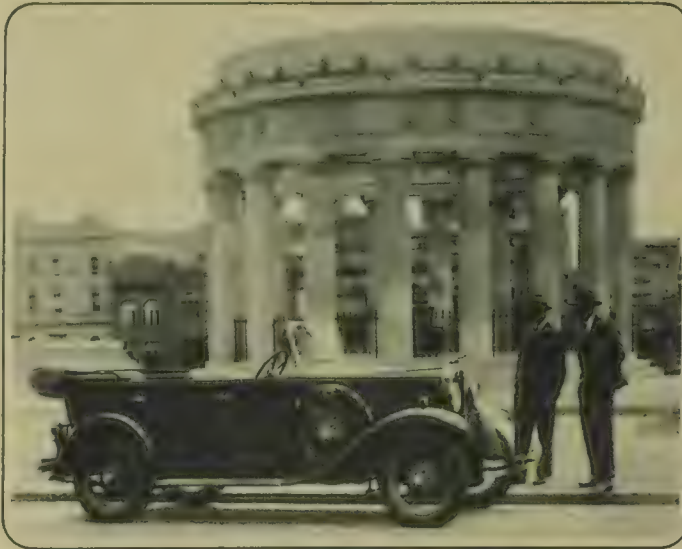
By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

NEARLY 50,000 cars were parked and shepherded on their right roads at the Aldershot Tattoo this year without any hitch whatsoever. I mention this fact to show that the R.A.C. guides and police generally—military and civil—who were responsible for this good order certainly know their job nowadays. Visitors to England on motoring tours never need have fear of going to any big function in their cars. They simply join the procession and are "seeded" to their proper station without fuss or risk to their nerves from other drivers. I do not think that I saw a single case of selfish driving at the Tattoo this year. That speaks much for the orderliness of our motorists on such occasions.

These general gatherings always develop into a picnic supper, and one party near me was using cups, saucers, plates, and dishes made of a material called Bandalasta. It is the modern form of Chinese *papier-mâché*, or compressed brown paper. It is very light, is nearly unbreakable, and is made in a variety of colours. An outfit for four persons—cups, plates, etc.—in a case costs 25s. 6d., I was informed. The sellers of the particular set which I saw are Brookes and Adams, Ltd., Barr Street, Hockley, Birmingham; but those motorists on the look-out for this sort of fitting for their car's equipment should be able to get this ware at the usual stores. If not, then they can write as above.

I should like to remind readers who have difficulty in garaging their cars that all Morris agents

Gordon-Bennett Cup. The present model has a smooth-running engine which carries this 18-50-h.p. Star Comet saloon along the road at an easy 70 miles an hour. Its six cylinders keep the fuel consumption down to twenty miles to the gallon, and the oil bill



THE COLONIAL MARKET FOR SMART ENGLISH TOURING CARS: DON BRADMAN, THE FAMOUS CRICKETER, EXAMINING THE FIRST VAUXHALL CADET TO RUN ON AUSTRALIAN ROADS, IN FRONT OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL.

is equally economical. To-day speed and silence are the chief virtues of the modern motor: this Star

car has both. Transmission noises are absent, both in gear and when over-running the engine. An excellent third-speed ratio provides a progress as silent as in top or direct gear. One can climb hills at fifty miles an hour on this third speed when meeting a fairly stiff gradient. Gear-changing is easy, and to "old hands" a right-hand change is always a comfort, although we are all well accustomed now to centrally placed gear controls. The steering is definite, and a

damper is fitted to avoid any possibility of "shimmy," or wheel wobble. A roomy body with well-balanced springs for its load makes

this Star Comet an excellent car for touring at moderate or fast speeds. I like these close-coupled saloons because the passengers in the back seat are not riding over the rear axle. Packed up with cushions, and a central folding arm-rest, they sit here in the most comfortable posture for a long run. This car costs £495 for the 18-h.p. close-coupled saloon. It has one-shot chassis lubrication, with the pump pedal in front of the passenger's seat in the forward driving compartment. Radiator-shutters operate automatically by means of a thermostat control. The brakes pull the car up in 13 yards at thirty miles an hour, and, although not actually measured at higher speeds, this rate of decelerating is a fairly good guide for the driver to count on. No pains have been spared to install every useful accessory available for its equipment. Louvre ventilators for the side windows; a sun-vizor for the driver, which the latter can adjust from his seat without moving; permanent hydraulic jacks to lift all four wheels off the ground separately or together, as needed; and leather non-dust retaining upholstery, are just a few examples of this "well-found" carriage. It has been sturdily designed, as the complete car weighs 32 cwt., so is capable of standing up to severe conditions in any part of the world.

## Some Useful Accessories.

Engines in standard models sold to the public as touring carriages now revolve so fast that 4000 revs. per minute is no uncommon happening. Racing folk are apt to be chaffed by



A CAR THAT MAKES ITSELF INDISPENSABLE TO DWELLERS IN QUIET COUNTRY TOWNS: A ROVER "FAMILY TEN" WEYMANN SALOON IN A PICTURESQUE AND SECLUDED CORNER OF WARWICK.

sell motor-houses from £9 15s. upwards, according to the wheel-base of the car it is desired to house. Moreover, one does not have to wait very many days after purchase to see these garages erected in one's garden. To-day half the trouble of would-be owners of low-priced cars is that they have no suitable garage. Also, paying eight to ten shillings a week for hiring house-room for the car away from their home is considered too expensive or too inconvenient, and perhaps both. On the other hand, these cheap yet excellent motor-houses cost considerably less than a year's rental for hiring coach-house space in other people's garages. Nowadays cars are so low in build that 6 ft. 6 in. head-room in a garage-house is ample height. Even that full-sized car, the 18-50-h.p. Star Comet saloon, only stands 6 ft., and is slightly over 14 ft. in overall length without bumpers.

Star Comet's  
Swift Speed.

I have always  
held a sincere  
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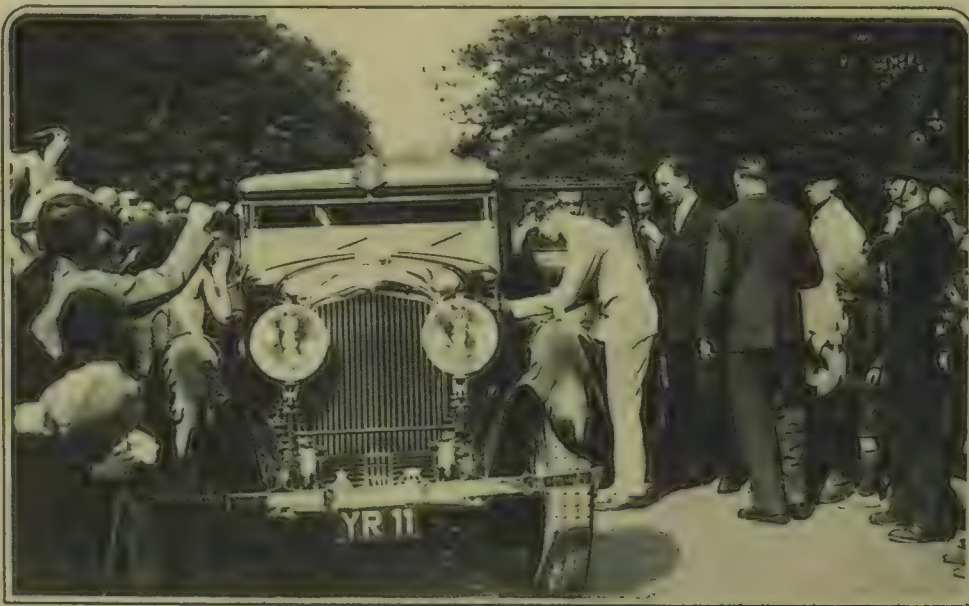
products from the Star Works at Wolverhampton ever since this firm built a Star car for the



A MOST LUXURIOUS MOTOR-CAR WITH TWO WELL-KNOWN SPONSORS: MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS, THE MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN, AND HIS WIFE—FORMERLY MISS SUNNY JARMAN—WITH THEIR 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE COUPÉ LIMOUSINE (CARRIED OUT BY THRUPP AND MABERLY).

their friends on the row of gauges to be seen on the dashboard of their cars. I should like to say here that

they all serve very useful purposes. As our touring cars are almost the racing machines of earlier motoring days, the careful owner of a fast-turning engine likes a few gauges to indicate how his motor is being cared for in various directions. Consequently, an engine revolution-counter, a Smith's "car-thermo" showing engine temperature of water circulation, not radiator temperature, also oil temperature gauge, should find a place on the board in front of the driver. They pay for their first cost in saving much trouble and delay for repairs, besides the economy in fuel, if the driver takes notice of the readings. Sorbo mats are now to be bought at sale prices—25s. per square yard—and fitted in the car at that inclusive price at several garages. These rubber floor-coverings prevent gas fumes entering the inside compartments. One of the firms which offer these to motor-carriage owners is Elephant Motors, Ltd., of Store Street, Tottenham [Continued overleaf.]



A FINE VEHICLE WHICH DID DUTY ON A ROYAL "OCCASION": H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE BEING CHEERED AS HE ENTERED HIS 8-LITRE BENTLEY AFTER ATTENDING THE FIRST PEARSON'S FRESH-AIR OUTING OF THE SEASON FOR LONDON CHILDREN.



A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

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The Sixteen Burnham Saloon  
with Sunshine Roof, as illustrated,  
£345 (At works). With fixed roof

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(At Works)

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres. Beaconsfield Fabric (4-window) Saloon £335. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6 window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-seater £310. Sunshine Roof £10 extra. Twelve (4-cylinder) models from £275.

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#### \*Owner Report No. 339; Austin Sixteen; Car No. 6TC. 1974.

To do 10,000 miles without an involuntary stop—save for a single puncture—would be meritorious even when given the best possible conditions. To cover this mileage on Egyptian and continental roads . . . to cross Europe and the Alps twice . . . with such amazingly trouble-free running, is a record that few cars in private owners' hands could achieve. But to the Austin this is part of the day's work—as the following report shows.

Recently this owner took his Austin Sixteen from Cairo to Liverpool and back, involving a four thousand mile journey—an exacting test of mechani-

cal excellence, suspension, climbing power and dependability. Both the St. Bernard and the St. Gothard passes were climbed with full loads in each case . . . and the owner's verdict is:

“The car behaved magnificently. I have covered 10,000 miles without any difficulty whatsoever. *I consider it was a lucky day when my choice led me to purchase an Austin.*”

Think, if such a capable car were yours, how confidently you could face any conditions to be encountered in this country! Why not try a car at your nearest Austin dealer's?

\*Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports.

# AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W. 1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W. 11.



Continued.]

Court Road, London, W.C.1, who are more generally known for supplying and fitting their "elephant" bumpers of stainless steel with chromium finish. These are inexpensive too, as one can buy a special set for the Austin "Twelve-Six" for £3, and a set for any other car from stock at various prices according to size. Nowadays, economically inclined motorists are buying good second-hand cars or else keeping their present ones, adding gadgets to bring them up to date. Thus the Pytchley Autocar Co., Ltd., the originators of the sliding roof for saloons, offer to convert any existing saloon or fixed head coupé with their patent sliding roof for £15 at their works, Buckingham Avenue, Trading Estates, Slough. As something like 80 per cent. of the leading car-manufacturers fit this to their present models, its watertightness and ease of movement to open and shut have been well and satisfactorily tested.

### Bugatti Wins French Grand Prix.

Nothing will better revive the old racing spirit in France than the excellent performance of the new eight-cylinder Bugatti cars in winning the French Grand Prix on Sunday, June 21. Chiron drove the winning car, completing 786.7 miles in the ten hours allotted for the race, with Varzi, the Italian "crack," so both shared the glory and the palms after it was all over. Britons can feel that they also had a part in this 78.67 m.p.h. victory, because M. Ettore Bugatti shod his cars with our famous Dunlop racing tyres built at Birmingham. In fact, all the speed long-distance races held this year have shown that Dunlop tyres are very satisfactory to use for high-speed driving. They do stand up and so make no delays for changing, a most important item in these contests. Campari and Borzacchini drove the Alfa-Romeo which finished second, while Biondenti and Parenti piloted the Maserati car, which finished third in this very exciting race. Sir Henry Birkin and Mr. G. E. T. Eyston finished fourth on the Maserati, 11 sec. behind Biondenti on a similar car. The new eight-cylinder 3.2-litre Bugatti cars are a real sports model, in that they are equally useful for touring and town work as for racing: silent, smooth, and very flexible on top gear. So also is the 5-litre eight-cylinder Bugatti, which is just as suitable for town work as for fast touring. I am very glad Bugatti won this race, as this should encourage other famous French firms

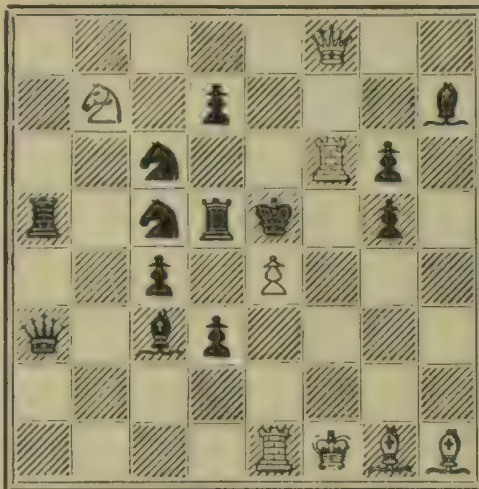
to support *le sport* more seriously than they have during the past few years. At the same time, one must sympathise with motor manufacturers, who rightly claim that racing is the most expensive form of advertising their product. Our British Bentleys proved that, and Captain Woolf Barnato poured money out like water for the honour and glory of Great Britain in order to gain their victories. But it seldom is a commercial proposition, so most makers fight shy. I quite agree with those who urge that a pool should be formed to pay for certain British firms to continue racing for the prestige of the country as a whole. It is not fair that such a large expenditure should come out of so few pockets.

## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4088. By R. RAMSAY AND P. RAVEN.  
BLACK (13 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 5Q2; 1S1P3b; 2S2R1r; 11SR1K1r; 2P1P3; 41B4; 8; 4RKBB.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4086. By T. K. WIGAN (Woking).  
[8; S3R2Q; 3KaPp; 2S3bR; 5S1P; 3S2P2P; 7B; K7—in two moves.  
Keymove: QR8 [Qb7—h8].

If, 1. — K×R, 2. KtB8; if 1. — KQ5, 2. QQ4; if 1. — K×Kt, 2. QQ4; if 1. — BB3ch, 2. Q×B; if 1. — QKt any, 2. QK5; and if 1. — B×R, 2. QQKt8.

An unexpected key followed by some very pretty model mates are the points of this problem. A good many solvers have gone wrong over the key, thinking QKt7 sufficient, and overlooking the effect of 1. — B×R in reply. Mr. Wigan's work is always elegant and original.

### A NICE GAME.

In the March tournament at Nice, some little surprise was caused by the victory of Mr. B. Reilly, who came out just ahead of a strong field. He lost only one game, and this is it.

Queen's Pawn. (King's Indian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B. Reilly.)	BLACK (Sir G. Thomas.)	WHITE (Mr. B. Reilly.)	BLACK (Sir G. Thomas.)
1. PQ4	KtKB3	16. KtR5	
2. KtKB3	PKKt3		All this manoeuvring results in a vulnerable position for the White Knight, and an invitation of the Q-side attack which the opening was designed to prevent.
3. PB3		16. PB3	

This move has the backing of Alekhin, but it seems tame for White, who does not make the best of it.

3. PK3	BKt2
4. BQ3	PQ3
5. BQ3	KtB3
6. QKtQ2	Castles
7. Castles	PK4
8. P×P	

This exchange is out of tune with his scheme of development, and Black at once obtains a positional advantage.

8. Kt×Kt	Kt×P
9. QK2	P×Kt
10. QK2	QK2
11. PK4	

White has hampered himself, and his opponent has the benefit of the open position now arrived at.

11. KtB4	RQ1
12. BK3?	KtR4
13. B×Kt	KtB5
14. B×Kt	P×B
15. KRQ1	BK3

Preventing — PKB3, which loses a piece.

There are morals for the novice in this game. (1) If you have any principles, stick to them. (2) Don't establish untenable salients. (3) Don't give your Queen too many jobs to do at one time. (4) Look carefully at the positional effect before making exchanges in the centre.

The winning move. White cannot reply P×P because of QKt4ch, winning the Kt.

19. PKKt3	RQ2
20. RQ3	
21. R×R	

R×R is better, but not good enough.

20. POKt4	
21. Kt×P	

This is, of course, a blunder, but if 21. Q×BP, R×R; 22. Q×Rch, B-B1; 23. QKt7 (to prevent the fatal QO2), QO1; 24. Q×KtP, PQR3; 25. Q×P, QO2!; and White has no defence.

21. P×Q	
---------	--

White resigns.

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## "ALMOST MORE HAPPINESS THAN ONE MAN CAN BEAR."

(Continued from Page 32.)

Herr Reiser's biography gives us a picture of a singularly lovable, beautiful, and harmonious personality. The layman thinks of Science as one of the most laborious pursuits to which the human mind can apply itself; as revealed in the life of Einstein we become aware of its æsthetic side, the unity attainable from diversity. "If he (Einstein) is fortunate enough to remove all difficulties in the way of a clear, accurate and certain solution, he is moved not only by the sum of new scientific truth, but by æsthetic pleasure. His difficulty is now simple; he has created a clear, harmonious world of thought. At these times he has been known to say: 'What a beautiful solution!' Or, while he is still working: 'I hope this is right, the result would be lovely!' In these utterances one recognises his artistic nature, expressing itself in abstractions."

When the Royal Society presented him with its gold medal he expressed his gratitude in these words: "The man who has discovered an idea which allows us to penetrate, to whatever slight degree, a little more deeply the eternal mystery of Nature, has been allotted a great share of grace. If, in addition, he experiences the best help, sympathy and recognition of his time, he attains almost more happiness than one man can bear."

Though translated in a rather pedestrian fashion, Herr Reiser's biographical study gives a vivid impression both of the man and of the ecstasy and spiritual peace attainable through intellectual achievement.

L. P. H.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 8.)

thinks about Anglo-American relations. "If," he writes, "I have been able quickly to understand New York, it is because I had ten years of life in England behind me. All the current jokes about the United States and Great Britain, 'two countries separated by language and the Atlantic,' and so on, have made us forget in the end that they are mother and daughter... the Americans laugh at the English, but the latter are the only Europeans whom they respect and completely trust. Trotsky has foretold a war between the two countries; they are the words of a false prophet, and he deserves his exile; such a war is as impossible as a conflict between Brittany and Provence. Besides, London and New York are one and the same thing, with a hundred years between them; London to-day is Knickerbocker New York."

Finally, Central America's romantic past provides a chapter in a dramatic little prose anthology entitled "SCENES FROM MODERN HISTORY." By Great Imaginative Writers. Selected and Annotated by Harold Temperley (Bell; 3s. 6d.). The chapter in question comes from Johannes Jensen's work "The Eagle and the Serpent; or, The Conquest of the New World, 1520." The last

item in the collection brings us back to the war and Marshal Foch with an extract from Hilaire Belloc's "Miniatures of French History," called "Two Men of the Marne; or, The Crisis of 1914." Three years of fighting were to pass before Pershing and his merry men came on the scene.

C. E. B.

At the Wolverhampton Floral Fête on July 14-16, there is to be an Empire school pageant of 1000 children in the national costumes of the various Empire countries, with dancing and mass singing. The costumes, which are of elaborate design, are to be made of artificial silk manufactured and presented by the great firm of Courtauld's.

The firm of Cadbury Bros., of Bournville, has been celebrating the centenary of the great chocolate-manufacturing business which was founded by the grandfather of the present chairman, Mr. Barrow Cadbury. Descendants of John Cadbury, who experimented in the roasting and grinding of cocoa nibs a hundred years ago, have assiduously worked year by year in the development of an ideal. It has been stated that this centenary year of Cadbury's has recorded the largest volume of trade the firm has done in any year of its history—an achievement to be proud of indeed in these days of industrial difficulties. At the "factory in a garden," as the works at Bournville are called, between eight and nine thousand employees go about their business to-day under perfect conditions and visitors, who are always welcome, can but be impressed by the healthy cheerfulness which abounds in this hive of industry. The centenary year has been marked by the gift of a large open site for the purpose of hospital extension and public playgrounds, and by the distribution of £50,000 in National Savings Certificates among the employees. They, in their turn, have marked the occasion by raising funds between themselves for the provision of a beautiful fountain in the grounds at Bournville.

Thursday is Remnant Day at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford St., W., when many wonderful bargains are to be had. Beautiful brocades, usually ranging in price from 21s. 9d. to 49s. 6d., are marked down to 8s. 11d. up to 18s. 9d. a yard, and hand-blocked satins and silks are reduced to from 4s. 11d. to 12s. 9d. a yard. Beach pyjamas in crêpe, with the fashionable "spots" design on a dark background, are bargains at 25s. 9d. in the lingerie salon, and crêpe de Chine lingerie is available at almost cost price. French models are all offered at approximately half-price, and an attractive new autumn three-piece suit in Harris or Irish tweed can be obtained for 9½ guineas during the sale.

That renowned watering-place, Vichy, one of the pleasantest spas in the world, is becoming more and more lively every day. In the Park of the Springs, intimate gatherings multiply. Under the Pergola or in the delicious shade of the plantain and chestnut trees, people talk, read, or rest while drinking the water. Symphony concerts are given morning and afternoon at the kiosk of the "Hôpital" Spring and, in the evening, on the Casino terrace. They attract all music-lovers, thanks to the selection of the programmes and the excellence of the orchestra; and at the Casino theatre excellent productions follow each other with great success. In addition to these entertainments organised in Vichy, a wide range of excursions in the near neighbourhood is offered to sojourners—without causing any break in their cure. There are good roads running on high plains, from which one sees spread out a magnificent panorama. They then zigzag through narrow gorges, wild and beautiful with the chaotic majesty of strangely-shaped rocks, with the green of a tree here and there rising to the sky and to the light. The trips will take you to pretty villages where the inhabitants always have a hearty welcome for any visitor, or to old ruined castles, their walls picturesquely covered with ivy, the remains of a glorious past.

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